



*Seeing Adrabatas lying dead, he shed tears,
and said, 'Alas, thou brave and faithful soul!'*

Page 62.

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HISTORICAL
ANECDOTES,

AND BON-MOTS.

THE following short but melancholy list proves the justice of a remark which wounds sensibility, viz. that many a wise head and many a worthy heart, are doomed to live in misery and die in obscurity and want. Plautus turned a mill, Terence was a slave, Boethius died in a jail, Tasso was often distressed for five shillings, Bentivoglio was refused admission into the hospital he himself erected, Cervantes died of hunger, Camocus ended his days in an alms house, and Vaugelas left his body to the surgeons, to pay his debts as far as it would go !

THE baron of Hægi was a gentleman of the territory of Vinterthur in Switzerland ; he was possessed of several fiefs, and had his castle near the city. This gentleman, who

A

lived about the year 1300, made agriculture his ordinary occupation. His plough was drawn by fine horses. His son, who was a handsome young man, drove them with the whip in his hand, while the father, with grey hairs, opened the bosom of the earth, and traced the furrows. A duke of Austria, going on horseback from Rapperschweill to Vinterthur, was surprised at the distinguished air of the labourers, and the beauty of their horses. He stopped, and turning towards the grand master of his household: "I have never seen, said he, so handsome peasants, and horses so well fed, labour the fields." "Do not be surprised at it," my lord, "replied that officer; these are the baron Hægi and his son. There is the ancient castle of their family, at the foot of the hill; and, if you doubt it, you may convince yourself of it to-morrow; when you will see them come and offer you their services." In fact, the next day, the baron of Hægi, accompanied by seven of his people, all on horseback, came to Vinterthur to pay his respects to the duke, who did not fail to ask him if it was him he had seen the day before, following a plough superbly equipped,



"Yes, my lord," replied the baron with dignity; "after a war for the defence of one's country, I think there is no occupation more worthy of a gentleman than that of cultivating his own lands, and I give the example of it to my son." The duke could not but admire the old man; he gave him the most flattering reception, and loaded his son with caresses. The ancients had the same idea of agriculture; 'omnium rerum ex quibus aliquid exqueritur, nihil est Agricultura melius, uberius, homine libero dignius.'

ONE day that the late Duke of Montague attended the levee, for the first time after a visit to his daughter's family in Dalkeith house, his Majesty, after the usual compliments, &c. inquired of the duke after the health of his grand children. His grace, thanking his majesty, told him they were all well, and making a meal of *oat meal pottage* every day. His Majesty aske dif they got good oat meal. The duke told him that they had it excellent from a Mr James Mutter in Middle Mills, uear Laswade; upon which his Majesty desired the duke to commission some for him; and I believe the

royal family are supplied with that article from the same mills.

WHEN the lady of Sir John Clerk of Pen-nycuik was presented to the king after her marriage with Sir John, the king said to her that she was become mistress of a beautiful estate. Her ladyship begged to know how his majesty knew that; whereupon his majesty began at the source of the river Esk, and told the situation and appearance of every villa during its course, to her ladyship's no small surprise. He made very pertinent remarks, mentioning how such and such estates could be improved.

As the countess of Elgin was at court one day, his majesty came up to her and said, 'My lady, a've gotten a letter frae your son the day, and he's brawly.'

IN the year 1633, as the famous Made-moiselle Ninon de L'Enclos one day sat alone in her chamber, her servant announced the arrival of a stranger, who desired to speak with her, but refused to tell his name. The young lady bade answer, that she was



engaged with company. 'No, no,' said the stranger to the lacquey; 'I know well that Miss is by herself, and for that very reason call upon her at present.—Go, tell her, I have secrets of the last moment to impart, and cannot take a refusal.'—This extraordinary message, by exciting female curiosity, procured the stranger admittance. He was of a low stature, of an ungracious aspect, and his grey hairs bespoke age. He was dressed in black, without a sword, wore a calotte (a small leathern cape which covers the tonsure) and a large patch on his forehead: in his left hand he held a very slender cane; his features were expressive, and his eyes sparkled vivacity.—'Madam,' said he, on entering the apartment, 'please make your waiting maid retire; my words are not for third persons.'—Miss L'Enclos was a good deal startled at this preamble; but reflecting she had to do with a decrepit old man, mustered up some resolution, and dismissed her maid. 'Let not my visit alarm you, madam; it is true I do not honour all indiscriminately with my presence, but be assured you have nothing to fear. All I beg is, that you will hear me with

‘ confidence and attention. You see before
‘ you a man whom the earth obeys, and
‘ whom nature has invested with the power
‘ of dispensing her gifts. I presided at your
‘ birth ; the lot of mortals depend upon my
‘ nod ; and I have condescended to ask what
‘ lot you would wish for yourself ; the pre-
‘ sent is but the dawn of your brilliant days.
‘ Soon you shall arrive at that period, when
‘ the gates of the world shall fly open to re-
‘ ceive you ; for it depends wholly upon
‘ yourself to be the most illustrious and the
‘ most prosperous lady of your age. I sub-
‘ mit to your choice supreme honours, im-
‘ mense riches, and eternal beauty. Take
‘ which you chuse ; and, depend upon it,
‘ there exists not a mortal who can make
‘ you the same ample offers.’ ‘ That I ve-
‘ rily believe,’ replied the fair one, in a fit
of laughter ; ‘ besides, your gifts are so very
‘ splendid !’—‘ I hope, Madam, you have
‘ too much good sense to make sport of a
‘ stranger : Once more, I seriously make you
‘ the same offer,—but decide instantly.’
‘ Then, truly, Sir, since you are so good as
‘ give me my choice, I hesitate not to fix
‘ on eternal beauty :—but how, pray, am I

‘to obtain such an inestimable prize?’—
‘Madam, all I ask is, that you would put
‘down your name in my tablets, and swear
‘inviolable secrecy.’ Mademoiselle de l’Enclos immediately complied, and wrote her name upon a black memorandum-book with red edging. The old man at the same time struck her gently upon the left shoulder with his wand.—‘This now,’ resumed he, ‘is the whole ceremony; henceforth rely
‘upon eternal beauty, and the subjugation
‘of every heart. I bestow on you the unlimited power of charming—the most precious privilege a tenant of this nether orb
‘can enjoy. During the 6000 years that I
‘have perambulated this globe, I have found
‘only four who were worthy of such rare
‘felicity. They were Semiramis, Helen, Cleopatra, and Diana of Poitiers; you are
‘the fifth, and I am determined shall be the
‘last. You shall be ever fresh and ever
‘blooming: charms and adorations shall
‘track your steps: whoever beholds you,
‘shall that instant be captivated, and they
‘whom you love shall reciprocally love you:
‘you shall enjoy uninterrupted health and
‘longevity, without appearing old. Some

‘ females seem born to bewitch the eye, and
‘ some the heart ; but you alone are fated to
‘ unite these different qualities : you shall
‘ taste of pleasure at an age when others of
‘ your sex are beset with decrepitude ; your
‘ name shall live while the world endures.
‘ —I am aware, Madam, that all this will
‘ appear to you like enchantment, but ask
‘ me no questions, for I dare not answer a
‘ word. In the course of your life you shall
‘ see me once again, and that ’ere fourscore
‘ years be run.—Tremble then ! for three
‘ short days shall close your existence ! Re-
‘ member my name is *Night-Walker*.’ With
these words he vanished, and left the Miss
of eternal beauty shivering with fear.

This lady of amorous memory, adds the
story, had a second visit from the little gen-
tleman in black in the year 1706, as she
lingered on her death-bed. In spite of the
efforts of servants, he had found his way in-
to her apartment ; he stood by her side,
opened the curtains, and gazed,—the patient
turned pale, and shrieked aloud. The un-
welcome guest, after reminding her that the
third day would be that of her dissolution,
exhibited her own signature, and disappear-

ed, as he exclaimed, with a hideous voice, 'Tremble! for it is past, and you are to fall into the hands of Lucifer.' The third day came, and l'Enclos was no more.

DURING the war before last, a company of Indian savages defeated an English detachment. The conquered could not escape so swiftly as the conquerors pursued. They were taken and treated with such barbarity, as is hardly to be equalled even in these savage countries.

A young English officer being pursued by two savages, who approached him with uplifted hatchets, and seeing that death was inevitable, determined to sell his life dearly. At this instant, an old savage, armed with a bow, was preparing to pierce his heart with an arrow; but scarcely had he assumed that posture, when he suddenly let fall his bow, and threw himself between the young officer and his barbarian combatants, who instantly retired with respect.

The old Indian took the Englishman by the hand, dispelled all his fears, by his caresses, and conducted him to his cabin, where he always treated him with that ten-

derness which cannot be affected. He was less his master than his companion; taught him the Indian language, and made the rude acts of that country familiar to him. They lived contentedly together, and one thing only disturbed the young Englishman's tranquillity; the old man would sometimes fix his eyes on him, and, while he surveyed him attentively, tears fell in torrents from his eyes.

On the return of spring, however, they recommenced hostilities, and every one appeared in arms. The old man had yet strength sufficient enough to support the toils of war, and set off with the rest, accompanied by his prisoner. The Indians having marched above two hundred leagues through forests, at last arrived on the borders of a plain, where they discovered the English camp.

The old savage, observing the young man's countenance, shewed him the English camp. 'There are thy brethren,' said he to him, 'waiting to fight us. Be attentive. I have saved thy life. I have taught thee to make a canoe, a bow, and arrows; to surprise an enemy in the forest, to ma-

‘ nage the hatchet, and to carry off a scalp.
‘ What wast thou, when I first conducted
‘ thee into my cabin? . Thy hands were like
‘ those of a child; they served neither to
‘ support nor defend thee: thy soul was bu-
‘ ried in the obscurity of night; you knew
‘ nothing; but from me you have learned
‘ every thing. Wilt thou be so ungrateful,
‘ with a view to reconcile yourself to your
‘ brethren, as to lift up the hatchet against
‘ us?’

The young Englishman protested, that he would rather a thousand times lose his own life, than shed the blood of one of his Indian friends.

The old savage covered his face with his hands, and bowed his head. After having been some time in that posture, he looked on the young Englishman, and said to him, in a tone mixed with tenderness and grief: ‘ Hast thou a father?’—‘ He was living,’ said the young man, ‘ when I quitted my
‘ my country.’ ‘ ~~Oh~~! how unfortunate is
‘ he!’ cried the old man; and, after a moment’s silence, he added, ‘ Knowest thou that
‘ I have been a father? I am no more such!
‘ I saw my son fall in battle; he fought by

‘ my side ; my son fell covered with wounds,
‘ and died like a man ! but I revenged his
‘ death, yes, I revenged it.’

He pronounced these words in great agitation ; his whole body trembled, and sighs and groans, which with difficulty found their way, almost suffocated him ; his eyes lost their usual serenity, and his sighs could not find a passage from his heart. By degrees, he became more serene, and turning towards the east, where the sun was rising, he said to the young man ; ‘ Seest thou that gilded
‘ heaven, which spreads abroad its resplendent light ? Does it afford thee any pleasure to behold it ?’ ‘ Yes,’ said the Englishman, ‘ the sight adds new vigour to my heart.’ ‘ Ah, thou happy man : but to
‘ me it affords no pleasure !’ replied the savage, shedding a flood of tears. A moment afterwards, he shewed the young man a shrub in bloom ; ‘ Seest thou that beautiful flower ?’ said he, ‘ hast thou pleasure in beholding it ?’ ‘ Yes, I have,’ replied the young man. ‘ To me it no longer affords any,’ answered the savage hastily, and then concluded with these words : ‘ Begone, hasten to thy own
‘ country, that thy father may have pleasure

‘in beholding the rising sun, and the flowers
‘of the spring.’

PETER the Great was one day questioning some of his ministers, returned from their missions at foreign courts, relative to the progress of the young gentlemen he had sent abroad for education, to the different countries of Europe, and seemed highly pleased with the favourable accounts given of them, when the conversation was suddenly interrupted by de Costa, one of the jesters, vociferating from a corner of the room, ‘Peter, you are a fool!’ This abrupt and singular salutation drew the emperor’s attention, who declared, that if de Costa could not make good his assertion, he should be tossed in a blanket immediately, and called on him therefore to begin. The jester, by no means disconcerted, advanced gravely to the middle of the room, where there always stood a round table, covered with red cloth, containing implements for writing; and taking a sheet of fine paper, doubled it, and, after drawing the ivory cutter hard over the ply, bid Peter try to take it out.

The emperor, with much good humour, set about the task assigned him by his jester; but after working some time, was obliged to confess himself unable to effect it. 'Then,' says de Costa, 'I hope you now avow yourself the fool, and not me; so let us change places, for I must be emperor in my turn.' However, Peter declared that he still did neither understand his claim, nor allegory; and he must explain, or cut capers in the air. 'Then,' says de Costa, 'the moral and meaning of my folded paper is this: You send young men abroad, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, to acquire foreign instruction and manners, to civilize your empire; but they have already taken a ply at home, like my paper, which can never be taken out; so that if you wish, O! Czar, to do the work effectually, send children abroad for instruction, who are still without impression of any kind, and they will facilitate thy labours.'

WHILST the great Legislator of the North was in France, the Roman church was not idle in all its branches, to persuade him to make certain changes in his national religion,

as preliminary steps to an union with the see of Rome, so much desired by the sovereign Pontif. For this purpose, several men of eminence and talents were sent from Rome, under pretence of complimenting the Russian Czar, but secretly to assist the French clergy in this great work.

The Emperor, with his usual good sense, replied to repeated attacks on the subject, that when arrived in his dominions he would not fail to refer the affair to the Synod, who were better judges of such matters than himself.

However, this wise and prudent answer did not prevent him from being still strongly urged for permission to talk the matter over with his confessor in the mean time, whom they certainly supposed to have as much power over his master's mind, as those of France and Spain had over those of their sovereigns at that period. Peter was thrown into a disagreeable dilemma by this unexpected demand, as, whilst he disdained the illiberal appearance of refusing it, he was by no means convinced that Bitka's theology was sufficiently orthodox, to be the champion of the Greek church, who he knew had

conversed more with the jovial sons of Russia, than with the ancient fathers of its religion. However, on his communicating the proposal and his doubts to his confessor, the reverend father begged him to have none, as he was assuredly a match for the whole Sorbonne in *his own way*, as he was perfect master of a powerful *argument*, which he trusted would strike the whole of his antagonists *dumb*; and desired nothing better than to put them to the trial, if Peter would only promise to keep out of the way, and leave the whole business to his own management. These preliminaries being agreed upon, the learned theologists were invited to the conference on a fixed day, and our Russian Pope or Papa, as he is called at home, had a splendid repast prepared for the occasion.

Before sitting down to dinner, Bitka presented each guest with a small silver cup of sweet brandy from his own hand, as a provocative to appetite, according to the custom of his country, which the whole company had the complaisance to drink with their host, desirous to shew every attention

to a man who was to have so great a hand in their favourite work.

During the first course, the reverend Russian father rose with great solemnity from his seat, and, after stroaking his well combed beard, filled a boukal [a boukal is a large fine crystal glass, often ornamented with a coat of arms, or other bearings, used at great festivals in Russia to drink the sovereign, the church, &c. and holds from a half to a whole bottle. The person who first fills it, commonly some great man, stands up, and with much ceremony presents it to his next neighbour, who must take off the cover, (equivalent to your pledging any one) and hold it till the first has drank off this birth-day bumper, when it is his turn to rise up and do the same, till it has made the tour of the table] of champaign, to the holy Catholic Church, which of course the Roman clergy could not refuse to pledge him in. After a proper interval, father Bitka rose a second time, with equal gravity, to drink a boukal to the holy Greek Church; a toast which the French doctors were too politic to refuse on the present occasion, especially after

the Czar's confessor had drank to the Latin

The second course was ushered in with a third boukal, to the so much desired union of the two churches, which it would have been folly to refuse: and the last dish of it was graced with the health of the *pope* himself, which it would have been a bold priest in those days, who would have refused drinking.

After having so well regaled his guests at dinner, father Bitka told them that they had one duty still to fulfil before proceeding to business; at least it was one that he would never omit, with all his attachment to the two holy churches, viz. drinking his sovereign's health, the Czar of Moscovy; and the French clergy were too good courtiers to refuse it in the present moment.

Lastly, our confessor after having, with much fervour, exclaimed, 'render unto Cæsar what appertains unto Cæsar, &c.' from holy writ, rose and drank a last bumper with great solemnity, to the great monarch, the French king; and his clergy made shift to pledge him in it as in duty bound.

The Russian church militant, thinking himself now a match for Romish theology and eloquence, invited the Sorbonne to the proposed conference in the Czar's chamber of state, up one pair of stairs, and led the way himself with a firm pace and stately gait.

On being seated in his master's state chair, lent to him for the occasion, father Bitka expressed much surprise at finding but two of the whole Sorbonne had followed him up, a couple of rosy bishops; to whom, after waiting a proper time for the rest of his antagonists, he addressed a short latin speech in favour of the Greek church, ending it by declaring he was prepared to hear all their learned arguments for the desired union, whilst he was open to conviction.

The well seasoned Russian champion now found he had kept his word with the Czar, and literally struck his antagonists dumb with the power of his *strong arguments*; for not a word could be articulated on repeated efforts, by either one or other of the bishops, whose truant tongues for once refused the defence of the Roman church; so that, after a short pantomimic harangue, they were o-

bliged to leave father Bitka master of the field and dispute, who told them on parting, that he never doubted to see the mother church triumph over all the attacks of her seceding sons.

Peter, on coming home in the evening, was highly diverted with his confessor's victory ; and did not fail next day at court to invite the French doctors to a second conference with Bitka, which they politely refused, relying on his former promise to refer the affair to his synod, on his arrival in Russia.

Soon after the late Sir William Johnson had been appointed superintendant of Indian affairs in America, he wrote to England for some suits of cloaths richly laced. When they arrived, Hendrick, king of the five nations of the Mohawks, was present, and particularly admired them. In a few days, Hendrick called on Sir William, and acquainted him that he had a dream. On Sir William's inquiring what it was, he told him, he had dreamed that he had given him one of those fine suits he had lately received. Sir William took the hint, and immediately

presented him with one of his richest suits. Hendrick, highly pleased with the generosity of Sir William, retired. Sir William, sometime after this, happening to be in company with Hendrick, told him he had also had a dream. Hendrick, being very solicitous to know what it was, Sir William informed him, he had dreamed that he (Hendrick) had made him a present of a particular tract of land (the most valuable on the Mohawk river,) of about five thousand acres. Hendrick presented him with the land immediately, with this shrewd remark : ' Now Sir William, I will never dream with you again, you dream too hard for me.'

A FEW years ago, a woman who rented a snug house in Dublin, alarmed the neighbourhood with a strange story of a ghost, dressed as a female in black robes, that opened the curtains of her bed, surrounded by an illumination like lightening, and with a countenance labouring under some heavy burden, beckoned the woman to follow her. The person haunted, called in two relations to sleep with her next night ; but they were also equally frightened with groans and an

uncommon noise, and left the house next day.

The occupier of the house still persisted that she was not only haunted, but threatened by the ghost; and to this she made the most solemn oaths, as well as imprecations, and accordingly took lodgings in a neighbouring street.

The story having gone abroad, hundreds were daily drawn by curiosity into the street where the haunted house was: and it becoming the subject of conversation every where, Mr Nolan, so well known for his poetical and political abilities, took up a sporting bet, that he would suffer himself to be locked up in the house one whole night, without the company of any human being. About nine o'clock he went, and was shut up; but, for the sake of defence against any improper practices, he took with him a dog and a case of loaded pistols, and was not released till six o'clock next morning, when he was found by his companions fast asleep.

Suffice it to say, he saw no ghost, though he heard a great deal of noise; and loudly threatened to shoot the first one who should approach him, whether of this world or of

the other. This discreet ghost desisted, and the people got rid of their fears in that neighbourhood. The following elegant stanzas will best show the situation of his mind during the time of his vigils.

If from the cearments of the silent dead,
Our long departed friends could rise anew;
Why feel a horror, or conceive a dread,
To see again those friends whom once we know?

Father of All! thou gav'st not to our ken,
To view beyond the ashes of our grave;
'Tis not the idle tales of busy men
That can the mind appal.—The truly brave,
Seated on reason's adamant throne,
Can place the soul, and fears no ills unknown.

O! if the flinty prison of the grave
Could loose its doors, and let the spirit flee,
Why not return the wise, the just, the brave,
And set once more the pride of ages free?
Why not restore a Socrates again?
Or give thee, Newton, as the first of men?

In this lone room, where now I patient wait,
To try if souls departed can appear;
O could a Burgh escape his prison gate,
Or could I think Latouche's form was near.
Why fear to view the shades which long must be
Sacred to freedom and to charity?

A little onward in the path of life,
And all must stretch in death their mortal frame ;
A few short struggles end the weary strife,
And blot the frail memorial of our name.
Torn from the promontory's lofty brow,
In time the rooted oak itself lies low.

It is well known that Frederick II. king of Prussia, incurred the displeasure of his father, a harsh and barbarous soldier, governing a rude people, destined to be polished and aggrandized by his successor, and that this displeasure was chiefly incurred by the prince's honourable addresses to a young lady of the court, whom the tyrant caused to be whipped under the window of the royal lover, after which the prince resolved never to cohabit with the princess who was destined to supplant the unhappy mistress of his genuine affection.

This brutal insult offered by the king to the lady, to the prince his son, and to humanity, was committed by the instigation of a general officer in the king's service, whose name it may be better, on account of his respectable family, to conceal from the eyes of the public.

When, after the release of the prince of Prussia from his confinement, where he laid the foundation of his future greatness, by learning wisdom in the school of adversity, the king became sick of that malady which carried him to his grave, he sent for the prince his son to his bed-chamber, where, upon his arrival, he walked up to the royal presence with the erect and stately step of a right-hand-man of a batallion, and at a considerable distance from the king, he halted in the same soldierly manner. The king said, 'Advance, my son.' The prince advanced. The king said, 'Come nearer, Sir.' The prince came nearer. 'Kiss me, Sir,' said the king, 'as a son ought to salute his father.' The prince kneeled, and saluted his father.

'I have been thought harsh to you, Sir; and some of my worthy veteran officers have incurred your resentment, as advising my paternal discipline too strictly. I am now about to die, swear to me by God, that you will forgive all those who were the causes of your discontent.' "I will forgive them all but ONE, Sir," said the prince; kneeled, and saluted his father,

bowed three times, turned to the right about, and marched out *a la militaire* as he entered. The king died two days after.

Some time after the succession of the prince to the throne, he caused an intimation to be given of a general levee to his court and officers of the army, to which he sent a particular invitation to the culprit general, who had advised his father to destroy his mistress.

The general attended, and, after the levee, when he saw the general retiring, he ordered him to be informed that the king forbade him to retire till he had seen him, after the court was finished. When all were gone, the king said to the general, 'Follow me, Sir.' The general, trembling, obeyed; and, as the king passed, he locked the door of communication with the anti chamber; and so passing through slowly the various apartments, he clicked the doors with his *pass key* behind him; when at last, on opening the door of the great guard room, on the other approach to the royal apartments, the unhappy general beheld the room hung round with black, and containing all the fatal apparatus of death by the hand of

an executioner, who, with his axe in his hand at the block, and two clergymen standing by, were ready to perform the sentence of the law, which, awarded by a court-martial, was put into the hand of the general by the judge-advocate. After a long pause, while the cold sweat stood on the brow of the unfortunate man, the king said, ‘ Sir, you can-
‘ not but confess that punishment, though
‘ slowly, has come, at last, to reward your
‘ perfidy and your cruelty ; but I will not
‘ be the means of hurrying you to your exit,
‘ without giving you leisure to write your
‘ last will, and to see your family.’ Having said this, a long and dreadful pause ensued, suited to the king’s purpose ; he said to the general, ‘ Follow me,’ and went into an adjoining closet. He then looked with a mild but steady countenance on the general, and said, ‘ General, it is now all over.
‘ You have received your punishment, which
‘ must shew you experimentally, that the
‘ cruelty you advised my father to perpetrate, was worse than a thousand murders,
‘ as murdering the finest feeling of humanity. I forgive you. There is your gold
‘ key again ; there is your regiment, and

‘ your place upon the staff. Learn to be
‘ humane, to forgive, and to have no future
‘ occasion for forgiveness. There is a pair
‘ of colours for your eldest son. Come to
‘ the *Caffè* to-night, and thank me. Adieu.

THE following is another instance of the great Frederick’s sublime benevolence. One day at the *Caffè*, when the king was in the midst of a most interesting conversation, he observed old Lord Mareschal of Scotland, who had been sick, fallen asleep on a sofa in the corner of the room. The king immediately beckoned to the court for silence ; and, treading softly towards Lord Mareschal, and taking out his pocket handkerchief, he threw it gently over the old man’s head, and retired into another apartment, where he took up the conversation just where it had been interrupted.

WE shall add a few more characteristic anecdotes of the great Frederick ; who, on the 25th of January 1785, caused old Ziethen to *sit* in his presence at court, his son, brothers, and all the great officers being present, as a public testimony of his grati-

tude to the general, and his affection for the man. Of this magnificent and truly sentimental exhibition, there is a picture, from which an engraving was made by Chodowrecki at Berlin, and furnishes a proper ornament for the cabinet of a man who has a soul to perceive the beauty of the action. Ziethen is represented attempting to get up ; and the king, with a noble expression of heroic tenderness, preventing him, by laying his right hand on the shoulder of the veteran. The tear stands in the eye of Ziethen ; and all the spectators appear moved with what is passing. The persons represented in this piece with the king, are, the hereditary prince, late king ; prince Ferdinand, the king's brother ; the prince of Brunswick ; general Ziethen ; general Mollendorff ; prince Frederick ; William of Wirtemberg ; general Braun ; general Pretwittz ; general Schulemberg ; general Holzendorff ; Dolfs, the commander of the Gens d'Armes ; Wolfradt, major commandant of Ziethen's Hussar regiment ; Lentz, ditto ; Tempelholff, major of artillery ; Wedel, lieutenant and adjutant of Waldeck regiment ; Garten, ditto ; Probst, lieutenant

and adjutant of Ziethen's ; Eichstadt, ditto ; H. F. Christ. Lewis Ziethen, son of the old general ; and Schildwacht, another officer in the king's service.

THE magistrate of a little village in the marquisate of Brandenburg, committed a burgher to prison, who was charged with having blasphemed God, the king, and the magistrate. The burgomaster reported the same to the king, in order to know what punishment such a criminal deserved. The following sentence was written by his majesty in the margin of the report :

‘ That the prisoner has blasphemed God, is a sure proof that he does not know him :
‘ That he has blasphemed me, I willingly
‘ forgive ; but for his blaspheming the magistrate, he shall be punished in an exemplary manner, and committed to Spandau
‘ for half an hour.’

THE above anecdotes, and many others that might be adduced, unquestionably evince the magnanimity of soul that distinguished the great Frederick.—It would have been fortunate to the interests of humanity, had

his mind been, at all times, under the influence of the amiable principles of Justice and Religion. Instigated by *revenge*, we have seen him too often sport with the lives of his fellow-creatures:—Influenced by *interest*, he frequently lost sight of *justice*, and cruelly despoiled surrounding nations of their most sacred rights and privileges:—And, led astray by *vanity*, or by the sophisms of a pernicious philosophy, he promoted, by his writings, and by his example, those nefarious combinations against the Christian Religion, that have, at last, burst every barrier,—deluged Europe with blood and crimes—and, by undermining all the principles of morality, threaten the subversion of every legitimate Government.

If, then, we pay just homage to the *magnanimity* and *patriotism* of Frederick II., let us, at the same time, feel a virtuous indignation at the recollection of those *vices* that obscure all the glories of the sovereign, and obliterate all the virtues of the man.

A SOMETIMES wild, but yet upon the whole, a good natured race, inhabit the desarts of the Alps in Switzerland. Their stormy hea-

ven renders them hardy and strong; and their pastoral life renders them mild. An Englishman has observed, that he who has never heard the thunder among the Alps, can form no conception of the roar, the reverberation, and the long protracted noise, as it rolls along the whole horizon among these mountains; and, on this account, the inhabitants of the Alps who have never had an opportunity of seeing better houses than their own huts, nor any other country than the Alps, consider the whole world in the light of a rough, a stormy, and a toilsome waste. Perhaps it is so. But as the heavens after an awful storm resume their serenity and smile; so the heads and hearts of the Swiss are alternately wild and complacent. This I can prove from history and facts.

One of these citizens of the Alps, General Reding, a native of the canton of Schweitz, had lived from his youth with the Swiss guards in Paris and Versailles, and rose in the service of the French king to the rank of lieutenant-general, but remained, nevertheless, always a Swiss. When France, about thirty years ago, adopted a new regulation for the Swiss troops in her service, it was believed

in the canton of Schewitz, that this regulation was inconsistent with their ancient rights and privileges ; and the blame was laid on General Reding. In the mean time, the General's lady, who lived in the country, was engaged in raising recruits ; but the French standard was now for once hated in the Schweitz ; and the white cockade on the hat of an independent Swiss was seen with displeasure. The recruiting was forbidden by the magistracy, not to irritate the people in the midst of this fermentation. Mrs Reding desired to have a written order for this prohibition ; but the magistracy had not courage enough to take this public step against France ; and the General's lady continued to insist. Now the rage of the people was excited against this daring female. An *assembly* was summoned ; and Mrs Reding stood before the 4000 members. "The drum," said she, "shall not cease to beat, until I receive a written prohibition from the canton, as a vindication of my husband's character at court ; for at present his corps is not complete." The prohibition was granted, and the General was ordered to exert his ut-

most influence at court in behalf of his country. More favourable reports were now expected by the men of Schweitz ; but the very opposite took place. The cry was raised by those who possessed credit and influence, that the new regulation was dangerous to religion and liberty.—This raised the displeasure of the whole people to madness. Conventions were assembled,—the service of France was strictly forbidden,—the treaty of 1715 was openly torn from the public register ;—and General Reding was commanded to return home with his soldiers, on pain of being declared an enemy to his country. Reding obtained a discharge from his majesty for himself and his men ; and they returned home. He marched into Schweitz, the chief town of the canton, at the head of his soldiers, with colours flying and music playing. The procession went to the church ;—Reding planted his colours by the great altar,—kneeled down, and thanked God. He then took leave of his men, who wept with him, remitted all their debts, and made them a present of their fine clothes and their arms. Thus the man was now in their power whom the whole country believed to be perjured

and a traitor,—to have favoured the new regulation at the court of Versailles,—to have lent his assistance to inflict a mortal wound on his country. The enraged assembly met. Reding was ordered to relate the whole history, that it might be known with certainty on what footing they were with France; that all the crimes of the traitor might be evident; and that mercy or justice might be administered. The General knew well, that all reasoning would rebound from the angry brows of his unfeeling countrymen, without making the smallest impression in his favour. He therefore briefly and dryly said, “The history is known to every one; and I am innocent both with regard to the new regulation, and my dismissal from the service.” “Then if he will not confess himself a traitor, let him be hung upon the nearest tree,—let him be hewn in pieces here immediately.” Thus exclaimed the enraged multitude from all quarters; and the boisterous and bloody request was repeated from the mouths of 4000 men. Reding was immovable. A troop of frantic boors mounted the stage on which he stood with the magistrates. It rained. A boy, who was Reding’s god-

son, held an umbrella over his head. One of the madmen from the crowd broke it in peices with a stick. 'He shall stand under the bare heaven! the villian!' The boy also caught the frenzy—'I did not know that my godfather was such a traitor; now I must believe it; give me a cord that I may strangle him.'—The members of the council formed a circle round the General, and begged him, with outstretched hands, for God's sake to step forward in order to save his life; and at least to grant, that perhaps he had not opposed the innovations with so much warmth and zeal as he ought to have done; that in this he was blameable; and that as a punishment, he made them an offer of all his property, provided they would only save his life.—Reding now came forward from the circle, with a slow and pensive step,—invited silence by a motion of his hand, and the whole assembly were instantly still.—All listened with eagerness in expectation of a penitent and supplicatory confession of his crime; and in many breasts the hope arose that he might yet be pardoned. The General then addressed them; "Ye know, my beloved brethren and fellow citizens,

“ that I have served the French king now
“ two and forty years ;—ye know, and many
“ of you who were with me were witnesses
“ of it, how often I have marched against
“ the enemy, and in how many battles I
“ have been engaged ; each of those bloody
“ days I thought my last. But here, in the
“ presence of the omniscient God, who hears
“ my words, and is the judge of us all, I so-
“ lemnly declare, that on none of those days
“ did I enter the field of battle with the se-
“ rene, the cheerful, and the guiltless con-
“ science, with which I shall this day meet
“ my fate, if you shall stain your hands with
“ my blood, for refusing to confess a treason
“ which I have not committed.” The dig-
nity with which the General uttered these
words, and the radiance of truth which shone
around him, softened the hearts of the as-
sembly, and he was acquitted ; but imme-
diately after the dangers of this day, he re-
tired with his lady from the canton, went to
Uri, and lived two years a hermit in the
cave of a rock. In the mean time the in-
toxication of his brethren evaporated. Red-
ing returned ; forgot all, aided and was ser-
viceable to them every where he could. The

whole country acknowledged his worth,—testified their sorrow for the injustice they had done him; and, in order to recompence him, raised him to the rank of *Landamman*, that is, the highest in the state; and, which happens but very rarely, he was invested with this dignity three different times.

Thus, wild, and at the same time good-natured, are the pastoral inhabitants of the Alps in Switzerland. Their characters are formed by solitude and imagination; they are alternately violent and friendly, like their climate. But I willingly acknowledge, that I would rather be a hermit in the land of Uri, than Landamman of Schweitz.

THE late Marshal Wade, it is well known, had too great an itch for gaming, and frequented places of all kinds where gaming was going forward, without being very nice as to the company meeting there: at one of which places one night, in the eagerness of his diversion, he pulled out an exceeding valuable gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds, took a pinch, and passed it round; keeping the dice-box four or five mains before he was out; when, recollecting some-

thing of the circumstance, and not perceiving the snuff-box, he swore vehemently no man should stir till it was produced, and a general search should ensue. On his right sat a person dressed as an officer, though shabby, that now and then, with great humility, begged the honour to be permitted going a shilling with him, and had, by that means, picked up four or five. On him the suspicion fell, and it was proposed to search him first; who, desiring to be heard, declared, 'I know the Marshal well; yet he, nor all the powers upon earth, shall subject me to be searched whilst I have life to oppose it. I declare, on the honour of a soldier, I know nothing of the snuff-box, and hope that will satisfy the man doubting; follow me into the next room, where I will defend that honour or perish.' The eyes of all were turned on the Marshal for an answer, who, clapping his hand eagerly down for his sword, felt the snuff-box (supposed to have passed round, and clapped there from habit) in a secret pocket of his breeches, made for that purpose. It is hardly to be conceived the confusion that covered him, on the occasion, that he had so slight-

ly given way to suspicion. Remorse, mixed with compassion and tenderness for the wounded character (because poor) of his fellow-soldier, attacked him at once so forcibly, that he could only say to him, on leaving the room immediately, ‘ Sir, I here, with great reason, ask your pardon ; and hope to find it granted, from your breakfasting with me, and hereafter ranking me among your friends.’ It may be easily supposed the invitation was complied with ; when, after some conversation, the Marshal conjured him to say what could be the true reason that he should refuse being searched. “ Why, Marshal,” returned the Officer, “ being upon half-pay, and friendless, I am obliged to husband every penny : I had that day very little appetite ; and, as I could not eat what I had paid for, nor afford to lose it, the leg and wing of a fowl, with a manchet, were then wrapped up in a piece of paper in my pocket ; the thought of which being found there, appeared ten times more terrible than fighting the room round.” — Enough ! my dear boy ; you have said enough ! your name ? Let us dine at Sweet’s to morrow : we must prevent your

‘being subjected again to such a dilemma.’ They met next day; and the Marshal presented him a Captain’s commission, with a purse of guineas, to enable him to join the regiment.

WHEN Dr Samuel Johnson first conceived the design of compiling a Dictionary of the English Language, he drew up a Plan, in a Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield. This very Letter exhibits a beautiful proof to what a degree of grammatical perfection, and classical elegance, our language was capable of being brought. The execution of this plan cost him the labour of many years: but when it was published, in 1755, the sanguine expectations of the public were amply justified; and several foreign Academies, particularly *della Crusca*, honoured the Author with their approbation. ‘Such are its merits,’ says the learned Mr Harris, ‘that our language does not possess a more copious, ‘learned, and valuable work.’ But the excellency of this great Work will rise in the estimation of all who are informed, that it was written, as the Author declares, “with lit;

‘ the assistance of the Learned, and without
‘ any patronage of the Great ; not in the
‘ soft obscurities of retirement, or under the
‘ shelter of Academic bowers, but amidst
‘ inconvenience and distraction, in sickness
‘ and sorrow.’ Lord Chesterfield, at that
time, was universally esteemed the Mæcenas
of the age ; and it was in that character, no
doubt, that Dr Johnson addressed to him
the Letter before mentioned. His Lord-
ship endeavoured to be grateful, by recom-
mending that valuable Work in two Essays,
which, among others, he published in a pa-
per, entitled ‘ The World*,’ conducted by
Mr Edward Moore, and his literary friend.
Some time after, however, the Doctor took
great offence at being refused admittance to
Lord Chesterfield ; a circumstance which
has been imputed to the mistake of the por-
ter. Just before the Dictionary was pub-
lished, Mr Moore expressed his surprise to
the great Lexicographer, that he did not in-
tend to dedicate the book to his Lordship.
Mr Johnson answered, ‘ That he was under
‘ no obligation to any Great Man whatever,

‘and therefore he should not make him his
‘patron.’ “Pardon me, Sir,” said Moore,
“you are certainly obliged to his Lordship
“for two elegant papers he has written in
“favour of your performance.” ‘You quite
‘mistake the thing,’ replied the other; ‘I
‘confess no obligation; I feel my own dig-
‘nity, Sir: I have made a *Commodore An-
‘son’s Voyage round the World of the Eng-
‘lish Language*; and, while I am coming
‘into port, with a fair wind, on a fine sun-
‘shining day, my Lord Chesterfield sends
‘out two little cock-boats to tow me in. I
‘am very sensible of the favour, Mr Moore,
‘and should be sorry to say an ill natured
‘thing of that Nobleman; but I cannot help
‘thinking he is a Lord amongst Wits, and a
‘Wit amongst Lords.’ The severity of this
remark seems never to have been forgotten
by the Earl, who, in one of his Letters to
his Son, thus delineates the Doctor:—
‘There is a man, whose moral character,
‘deep learning, and superior parts, I ac-
‘knowledge, admire, and respect; but whom
‘it is so impossible for me to love, that I am
‘almost in a fever whenever I am in his
‘company. His figure, without being e-

‘ formed, seems made to disgrace or ridicule
‘ the common structure of the human body.
‘ His legs and arms are never in the position
‘ which, according to the situation of his
‘ body, they ought to be in, but constantly
‘ employed in committing acts of hostility
‘ upon the Graces. He throws anywhere,
‘ but down his throat, whatever he means to
‘ drink ; and only mangles what he means to
‘ carve. Inattentive to all the regards of
‘ social life, he mistimes or misplaces every
‘ thing. He disputes with heat, and indis-
‘ criminate ; mindless of the rank, charac-
‘ ter, and situation, of those with whom he
‘ disputes. Absolutely ignorant of the seve-
‘ ral gradations of familiarity or respect, he
‘ is exactly the same to his superiors, his e-
‘ quals, and his inferiors ; and therefore, by
‘ a necessary consequence, absurd to two of
‘ the three. Is it possible to love such a
‘ man ? No ; the utmost I can do for him
‘ is to consider him as a respectable *Hotten-*
‘ *tot.*’

WHEN the Emperor Charles V. bid a final
adieu to all his regal possessions, and landed
at Laredo, in Biscay, on his journey from

Zealand to the Monastery of St Just, in Spain, he fell prostrate on the ground, and, considering himself now as dead to the world, he kissed the earth, and said, ' Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked I now return to thee, thou common mother of mankind !'

As this was the melancholy mansion in which his Majesty had resolved to end his days, he endeavoured to conform, in his manner of living, to all the rigour of monastic austerity. He desired no other society than that of monks, and was almost continually employed with them in chanting the hymns of the Missal. As an expiation for his sins, he gave himself the discipline in secret with such severity, that the whips which he employed as the instrument of his punishment were found after his decease tinged with his blood. Nor was he satisfied with these acts of mortification; which, however severe, were not unexamined. The timorous and distrustful solicitude which always accompanies superstition, still continued to disquiet him, and, depreciating all that he had done, prompted him to aim at something extraordinary, at some

new and singular act of piety, that would display his zeal, and merit the favour of Heaven. The act on which he fixed was as wild and uncommon as any that superstition ever suggested to a weak and disordered fancy. He resolved to celebrate his own obsequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery. His domestics marched thither in funeral procession, with black tapers in their hands: he himself followed in his shroud. He was laid in his coffin with much solemnity. The service for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral. The ceremony closed with sprinkling holy water on the coffin, in the usual form; and all the assistants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut. Then Charles rose out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of those awful sentiments which such a singular solemnity was calculated to inspire. But, either the fatiguing length of the ceremony, or the impression which this image of death left on

his mind, affected him so much, that next day he was seized with a fever, which terminated in his dissolution.

The Abbé de la Porte, who visited this monastery in 1755, informs us, that one of the monks told him, That one day, when the Emperor went in his turn to awake the Novices, at the hour of matins, one of them, whom he shook too violently, because he still slept, addressed him in these memorable words : ‘ Hast thou not troubled the repose
‘ of the world long enough, without coming
‘ here to disturb that of the peaceable men
‘ who have forsaken it ?’

CAPTAIN POWNALL, who made so gallant a figure in the last war, and Captain Sawyer, had agreed to share with each other the amount of whatever prize money either might separately gain by captures. Putting in at Lisbon, they paid their addresses to the Miss M——s ; and, as far as inclination went, were favourably received by the ladies : But their father, a merchant of immense property, although sensible of their personal merit, objected to their want of fortune, and desired, that they would relinquish all thoughts

of continuing their courtship, until they should become more affluent. Soon after the lucrative division of the prize-money, gained by the capture of the *Hermione*, had made a more than favourable change in their circumstances, the earthquake happened at Lisbon, and Mr M—— lost all his property. These generous captains immediately repaired to Lisbon; where, yielding to the full and noble gratification of love and friendship, they settled an annuity on the father, and desired the daughters to accept their hands in marriage. The request was complied with, and domestic mutual felicity became the consequence.

THE following anecdote strongly exemplifies the deep thought and penetration of the Arabs.

THREE Arabs, brethren of a noble family, who were travelling together for the improvement of their minds, were accidentally met by a camel-driver, who asked them, if they had not seen a camel, which had strayed from him in the night. ‘Was not the camel blind of an eye?’ said the eldest. ‘Yes,’ said the man. ‘It had a tooth out

‘before,’ said the second. ‘It is very true,’ he replied.—‘Was it not a little lame?’ added the third. ‘Why really it was,’ returned the owner. Taking it for granted, then, that they had seen his beast, he besought them to tell which way it went. ‘Follow us, friend,’ said they. He did so, and had not gone far, till he happened to say, ‘that the camel was laden with corn.’ ‘And it had,’ continued the Arabians, ‘a vessel of oil on one side, and a vessel of honey on the other.’—‘It had so,’ said the driver; ‘therefore let me conjure you to tell me where you met it.’ ‘Met it!’ cried the eldest of the brethren, ‘why we never saw your camel at all.’—The man losing patience at this, began to load them with reproaches; and, as they were passing through a village, he raised the people, and caused them * to be apprehended. The Cadi or Judge of the town, before whom they were brought, not being able to deter-

* If this story was a fact, it is not improbable, that from this circumstance arose that oriental proverb;—‘If any one ask you if you have seen the camel, answer ‘no!’ i. e. do not, by impertinent conversation involve yourself into difficulties.

mine the cause, sent them to the prince of the country, who, perceiving by their behaviour, that they were persons of distinction, set them at liberty, lodged them in his palace, and treated them with all imaginable respect. After some days, he took an occasion of politely requesting, that they would clear up the mystery of the camel, and explain how they could possibly hit upon so many particulars, without ever having seen it. The young men smiled at the importunity of the prince; and, after having returned him abundance of thanks for the civilities they had received, the senior of the brethren thus spoke: ‘*We are neither deceivers nor necromancers: neither did we use any other instruments of divination than our senses and reason: for my part, I judged it was blind, because, as we went along, I observed the grass eaten up on one side of the road, and not on the other.*’ ‘*And I,*’ said the second, ‘*guessed it had lost a tooth before, as, where the grass was cropped closest, there was constantly a little tuft left behind.*’ ‘*And I,*’ added the third, ‘*concluded it was lame, because the prints of three feet were distinct in the*

‘road, whereas the impression of the fourth
‘was blurred; whence I concluded, that the
‘animal had dragged it, and did not set it to
‘the ground.’ ‘All this I apprehend,’ said
the king; ‘but how, in the name of wonder,
‘could you discover that oil and honey was
‘a part of its loading?’ ‘Why,’ rejoined
the travellers, ‘this, upon finding our first
‘surmise was right, we afterwards conjec-
‘tured, from remembering we had seen, on
‘one side of the path, little troops of ants
‘ferreting the grass; and on the other, the
‘flies assembled here and there in groups,
‘insomuch that few or none were on the
‘wing.’

One of the treasurers of Alphonso king of Arragon, had brought him a thousand ducats. An officer who was there at that time, said in a low voice to somebody, I should ask no more than that sum to be happy: *you shall be so*, said Alphonso who had heard him, and he made the ten thousand ducats be given him directly.

In a war between the French and Spaniards in Flanders, a soldier being ill treated by a general officer, and struck several times with a cane, said coolly, that the officer

should soon repent of it. A short time after, the same officer commissioned the colonel of the trenches to send him out a bold fellow, who for a reward would undertake a dangerous piece of work. The soldier mentioned offered his service; and taking with him thirty of his comrades, performed the work with success. The officer highly commended him, and gave him an hundred pistoles, the reward promised. The soldier, after distributing them among his comrades, turned to the officer, and said, 'I am, Sir, the soldier you abused fifteen days ago, and I told you that you would repent it.' The officer melted into tears, threw his arms around the soldier's neck, begged his pardon, and gave him a commission that very day.

HERMINIO GRIMALDI, a Genoese, was the richest, and at the same time the most avaricious man of his time in Italy. He did not know what it was to do a kindness to his fellow citizens, nor to be polite to strangers. *William Borsieri*, a man of condition, who had heard of the humour of Grimaldi, went to see him one day, at a pretty enough house which he had caused lately to be built.

After having seen the apartments, which were ornamented with curiosities, 'Well' says the proprietor to him, 'you who have so extended a knowledge, can you tell me any thing new, which you have not seen here, and which I can cause to be made into a picture for this house?' Borsieri, surprised at this question, answered him, that he could give him the subject of an excellent picture, which should represent a thing which was wanting at his house, and which was never seen there. Being pressed to tell the name of it, 'I would advise you,' said he, 'to make a painting of Generosity.' Grimaldi, struck with that word, took his part immediately. 'Yes, Sir,' answered he with a vivacity which was not usual to him, 'I will cause it to be represented in such a manner, that nobody shall be able to reproach me with not having known it.' From that moment he changed his conduct entirely; and made so splendid a use of his great riches, that they speak of nothing but the magnificence and liberality of GRIMALDI.

IN the late war, an English drummer having wandered from his camp, and getting too

near the French lines, he was seized and brought before the French Commander, on suspicion of being a spy disguised in a drummer's uniform. On being asked who he was by the General, he answered, 'a drummer in the English service.' This not gaining credit, a drum was sent for, and he was desired to beat a couple of marches, which accordingly he did, and removed the Frenchman's suspicion. However, he desired the drummer to beat a retreat. 'A retreat, Sir!' (replied the Briton); I don't know what it is, nor is it known in the English service.' This answer so pleased the French officer, that he dismissed the drummer, and wrote to his General, commending his spirited behaviour.

IN that notable victory which Cyrus the Persian obtained over the Assyrians, Panthea, wife to Abradatas King of the Susians, was made a captive; and being a lady reckoned the most beautiful of Asia, was reserved for Cyrus, by his Captains. Her husband was not in the battle, being employed to treat of an alliance betwixt the Assyrians and the King of Bactria. Cyrus, calling to him Araspes, the companion of his youth,

recommended Panthea to his care. 'Have
'you seen this woman, O Cyrus,' said Aras-
pes? Cyrus answered, No. 'But I did,' re-
plied he. 'When we chose her for you, she
'was sitting in her tent, without any distin-
'guishing mark or habit, surrounded by her
'women. But, desirous to know which was
'the mistress, we immediately found her out,
'though covered with a veil, and looking on
'the ground. She got up to receive us, and
'we perceived that she excelled in stature, in
'grace, and beautiful shape. The eldest a-
'mong us addressed her in the following
'words: "Take courage, woman. We have
'heard that your husband is a brave man;
'but now you are reserved for one not in-
'ferior to him, in person, understanding,
'and power; for, if there be in the world
'who deserves admiration, Cyrus is the
'man, and to him you are destined." The
'woman, hearing this, tore her robe, and ac-
'companied with her servants, set up a la-
'mentable cry. Upon this, part of her face
'was discovered, and her neck and hands.
'And be it known to you, Cyrus, that we all
'thought never was produced such another
'woman. Therefore, by all means, you must
'see her.' Cyrus answered, "That now he was

“resolved against it.” “Why so?” said the young man. “Because,” said Cyrus, “if upon hearing from you that she is handsome, I am persuaded to see her, I am afraid I shall be more easily tempted to see her a second time, and perhaps come to neglect my affairs, and sit gazing on her.” Araspes smiling, “Do you think, Cyrus, that beauty can necessitate one to act contrary to reason? If this were naturally so, all would be under the same necessity. But of beauties, some inspire love, some not; for love is voluntary, and every man loves whom he pleases.” “How comes it then to pass,” replied Cyrus, “if love be voluntary, that one cannot give it over when he inclines? I have seen persons in grief and tears upon account of love, wishing to be rid of it as of any other distemper, and yet bound by a stronger tie of necessity than if bound in iron chains.” The young man to this said, “There are indeed examples of this kind; but such are miserable wretches; for though they are always wishing themselves dead, as unhappy, yet they never think of parting with life. Just such wretches are they who commit theft; and yet, O Cyrus, I observe that you treat

‘ these with great severity, as reckoning theft
‘ no such fatal necessary thing. So persons
‘ that are beautiful do not necessitate others to
‘ love them, or to covet what they ought not.
‘ Weak men, impotent in mind, are slaves to
‘ their passions; and to excuse themselves, ac-
‘ cuse love. But the firm and resolute, though
‘ fond of gold, fine horses, beautiful women,
‘ can with ease abstain, so as to do nothing
‘ contrary to right. I, who have seen this
‘ woman, and think her extremely beautiful,
‘ remain notwithstanding free, and ready in
‘ all respects to perform my duty. But per-
‘ haps,’ said Cyrus, ‘ you retired before the time
‘ that love naturally lays hold of a man. It
‘ is the nature of fire not instantly to burn ;
‘ yet am I not willing, either to meddle with
‘ fire, or to look on beautiful persons.’ ‘ Be
‘ easy,’ said he, Cyrus : ‘ Though I look on
‘ Panthea without ceasing, I will not be so
‘ conquered, as to do any thing I ought not.’
“ You speak,” said Cyrus, “ handsomely: Be
“ careful of the woman, for she may be of
“ service to us in some future exigency. And
“ thus they parted.”

Araspes, partly by conversing with a wo-
man not less wise than beautiful, partly by

studying to serve and please her, partly by her gratitude when he was sick, and her anxiety for his recovery ;——by all these means, he was made her captive in love. He ventured to open his heart to her ; but without success : For she had the warmest affection for her husband. Yet she forbore complaining to Cyrus, being unwilling to hurt Araspes. Araspes began to think of force ; for his passion was now too violent to be restrained. Upon this, Panthea, apprehensive of the consequences, was no longer silent : she sent an eunuch to Cyrus to inform him of her danger. Cyrus, laughing at the man who thought himself above the power of love, commanded his chief minister to tell Araspes, That if he could prevail by persuasion, it was well ; but that by no means was he to think of force. The minister used no tenderness in delivering the commission ; he accused Araspes as a betrayer of his trust, reproaching him for his injustice, and impotence of passion. The young man, struck to the heart, shed many tears. Cyrus, sending for him, “ I see,” said he, “ that you are overwhelmed with fear and shame ; but be comforted, for I have read, that the

“ gods themselves have been conquered by
“ love. The wisest of men are not exempt-
“ ed from this passion; and I pronounced
“ upon myself, that if I conversed with beau-
“ tiful women, I was not enough my own
“ master to disregard them. It is I that am
“ the cause of your misfortune, by shutting
“ you up with this irresistible beauty.” A-
raspes warmly replied ‘ You are in this, O
‘ Cyrus, as in other matters, mild, and dis-
‘ posed to pardon the failings of men. But
‘ how shall I hold up after this miscarriage?
‘ My friends will neglect me, and my ene-
‘ mies triumph over me. Cyrus said, “ A-
“ greeable to me is thy sorrow, O Araspes:
“ lives there a mortal without failings?—
“ Happy he who profits by them.”

Panthea, charmed with this conduct in Cy-
rus, and admiring his excellent qualifications,
endeavoured to gain her husband Abradatas
to his side. She knew there was no cordiality
betwixt him and the king of Assyria. That
prince had attempted to take Panthea from
him; and Abradatas, considering him as an
unjust man, wished nothing more earnestly,
than an opportunity to quit his service. For
this reason he listened to the solicitations of

his wife ; and came over to Cyrus with two thousand horse. Panthea informed him of the virtue of Cyrus, and of his tender regard for her. ‘ What can I do, Panthea,’ said Abradatas, ‘ to show my gratitude to Cyrus ? ’ ‘ What else,’ said she, ‘ but to behave towards him as he has behaved towards you ? ’ Upon this, Abradatas, coming to Cyrus, and taking him by the hand, said, ‘ O Cyrus, in return for the benefits you have bestowed upon us, I give myself to you, an ally, a servant, and a friend.’

From that time, Cyrus had no ally more attached to his interest than Abradatas. The morning of that day in which Cyrus overthrew Cræsus, Panthea brought to her husband, preparing for the battle, a golden helmet, bracelets for his wrists, a purple robe, and a crest of a violet colour. These things having been prepared without his knowledge, he said to her, ‘ Have you made me these arms, Panthea, by destroying your own ornaments ? ’ ‘ No, surely,’ said she, ‘ not by destroying what is the most valuable of them ; for you are my greatest ornament.’ Proceeding to put on the armour, tears trickled down her cheeks, though she endeavour-

ed to restrain them. Abradatas, in this dress, appeared most beautiful and noble. Panthea, after desiring all that were present to retire, spoke as follows : ‘ O Abradatas !
‘ if ever there were a woman who regarded
‘ her husband more than her own soul, you
‘ know that I am she. And yet, though I
‘ stand thus affected toward you, I swear by
‘ our mutual friendship, that rather would
‘ I be put under ground with you, approving
‘ yourself a brave man, than live with
‘ you in disregard and shame. We both
‘ lie under great obligations to Cyrus, that
‘ when I was a captive, and chosen for himself,
‘ he kept me for you, as if I were his
‘ brother’s wife.’ Abradatas, struck with admiration at her discourse, gently took her hand into his, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, made the following prayer : ‘ Do thou,
‘ O great Jupiter, grant me to appear a husband
‘ worthy of Panthea, and a friend worthy of Cyrus !’ and having said thus, he mounted his chariot, and moved along. She could not refrain from following, till Abradatas, seeing her, said, ‘ Have courage, Panthea, the gods take care of the virtuous :’ and upon this she was conducted to her tent.

Though Abradatas in his chariot made a noble appearance, yet he drew no eyes till Panthea was gone.

The victory that day was complete : Cyrus routed his enemies, and got possession of their camp. Toward the evening, when the battle was over, Cyrus, calling some of his servants, inquired, ‘ whether any of them ‘ had seen Abradatas ?’ But Abradatas was now no more ! he was slain, breaking in upon the Egyptians. All his followers, except some trusty companions, had turned their backs when they saw the compact body of the enemy. And Cyrus was informed, that Panthea had retired with the dead body to the bank of the river Pactolus ; that her servants were digging a grave for it ; and that she herself was sitting upon the ground with the head of her dead husband upon her knees. Cyrus, hearing this, smote his breast, and hastened to Panthea. Seeing Abradatas lying dead, he shed tears, and said, ‘ Alas, thou brave and faithful soul ! hast thou left us, and art no more ?’ At the same time he took him by the right hand, which came away, for it had been cut off in battle. The woman, smothering her

grief, took the hand from Cyrus, kissed it, joined it to the body, and said, 'The rest, Cyrus, is in the same condition. But why should you look upon this mangled body? for you are not less affected than I am.—Fool that I was! frequently did I exhort him to show his friendship for you; and I know he never thought of what he himself might suffer, but of what he should do to gain your favour. He died, therefore, without reproach, and I, who urged him on, sit here alive.' Cyrus, shedding tears, spoke thus: 'He has died, O woman! but his death has been glorious; for he has vanquished his enemies. Honours shall be paid him suiting a conqueror. A lofty monument shall be erected for him; and all the sacrifices shall be made that are due to the memory of a brave man.' Having said this, he went away, with great concern for the woman who had lost such a husband; sorrowing also for the man who had left such a wife behind him, never to see her more.

The woman ordered her eunuchs to retire, —'till such time,' said she, 'as I have lamented over my husband.' She retained

only one faithful attendant, commanding, that when she was dead, she should be wrapped in the same mantle with her husband.— The servant, after repeated remonstrances, finding her intreaties unsuccessful, broke into a flood of tears. Panthea, being beforehand provided with a sword, thrust it into her bosom, and, laying her head upon her husband's breast, died. The maid-servant, setting up a most lamentable cry, covered the bodies as she had been directed. Cyrus, informed of this melancholy scene, hastened to the place, struck with admiration of the woman, and lamented over her. Their funeral rites were performed in the most solemn manner; and their monument is to be seen there to this day.

THE Prince of Wales, named the *Black Prince*, who distinguished himself by his conduct and bravery in the battle of Poitiers, was not less admired, after the victory, for his modest and generous behaviour to his prisoner king John. The evening after the battle, the Prince refused to sit down with the King at supper, but attended him to entertain him with discourse. As the

King's thoughts were wholly employed about his present misfortune, the Prince said to him, in a modest and unaffected manner, 'That his Majesty had one great reason to be comforted ; which was, that the battle was not lost by his fault ; that the English, to their cost, had experienced him to be the bravest of princes ; and that God alone had disposed of the victory. And,' continued he, ' if fortune has been your adversary, you may at least rest secure, that an inviolable regard shall be preserved for your person ; and that you shall experience in me a very respectful relation, if I may glory in that title.' The King, upon this, recovering himself, turned to the Prince, and said, with an air of satisfaction, ' That since it was his destiny to be vanquished and taken in an action wherein he had done nothing unbecoming his character, he found great comfort in falling into the hands of the most valiant and generous prince alive.' It is said, that when King Edward, father to the Prince, received the news of this battle, he declared, that his satisfaction at so glorious a victory was not comparable to

what he had from the generous behaviour of his son.

THE inhabitants of a great town offered Marshal de Turenne 100,000 crowns, upon condition he would take another road, and not march his troops their way. He answered them, 'As your town is not on the road I intend to march, I cannot accept the money you offer me.'

THE Marquis of Louvais, jealous of the Marshal de Turenne, did all in his power secretly to cross his designs. This jealousy was the main spring of the misfortunes of France in the campaign 1673. The King saw himself upon the point of being forsaken by his allies, and left alone to maintain a war against the Empire, Spain, and Holland. The Marshal de Turenne could not dissemble his uneasiness, and there appeared in his countenance an air of thoughtfulness and melancholy. Having returned to court, after putting his army into winter-quarters, the King received him with great demonstrations of esteem and affection. His Majesty, in private, conversed frequently with him of

the means to re establish affairs next campaign ; and spoke to him one day of the fatal consequences of Louvois's counsels ; which gave Turenne a favourable opportunity to revenge himself of the minister, had he been so disposed. The Marshal contented himself with answering, ' That the Marquis de Louvois was very capable of doing his Majesty service in the cabinet, but that he had not experience enough in war to take upon him the direction of it.' This moderation and generosity extremely pleased the young King, who assured Turenne, that in spite of all his ministers, he should always be his favourite. He then spoke of the Marquis de St Abré, acquainting Turenne that St Abré had blamed his conduct, and written to Louvois, that if he had been consulted, he could have saved Bonne, without hazarding Alsace. ' Why then did he not speak to me ?' said the Marshal, with great moderation : ' I should have heard him with pleasure, and profited by his advice.' He then excused St Abré, commended him, gave an exact account of his services, intreated the King not to deprive him of so able a lieutenant-general, and left not the

cabinet till he obtained from the King a gratuity for him.

CHARLES XII. of Sweden, when he dethroned King Augustus, was advised by Count Piper to annex Poland to his dominions, as a fair conquest, and to make the people Lutherans. To repair his losses, to enlarge his kingdom, to extend his religion, and to avenge himself of the Pope, made him balance a little. But, reflecting on his declaration to the Polish malcontents, that his purpose was only to dethrone Augustus, in order to make way for a king of their own nation, 'I reject a kingdom,' says he, 'that I cannot keep without breach of promise. Upon this occasion, it is more honourable to bestow a crown than to retain it.'

PHILOPEMEN, the celebrated general of the Achæan League, arriving the first at an inn where he was expected, the hostess, seeing him an unsightly fellow, and taking him for one of Philopemen's servants, employed him to draw water. His train arriving presently after, and surprised to see him thus employ-

ed ; ' I am,' said he ' paying the penalty of
' my ugliness.'

PHILIP of Macedon being advised to banish a man who had railed at him ; ' Let us
' first see,' says he, ' whether I have not gi-
' ven him occasion. And understanding that
this man had done him services without re-
ceiving any reward, he gave him a consider-
able gratuity.

ALEXANDER having conquered Sidon, re-
commended to Hephæstion to chuse for king
the most worthy of the citizens. He offer-
ed the crown to two young men of illustri-
ous birth, his landlords ; who refused the
same, because they were not of the royal
stock ; saying, that it was against the law of
their country for any other family to inherit
the crown. Hephæstion, admiring their mag-
nanimity, cried out, ' O ! happy young men,
' who know how much more wise it is to re-
' ject a crown, than to receive it unjustly !'
And, as a mark of his esteem, he requested
of them to chuse the king. They pitched
upon Abdalonimus, of the royal family, who
being reduced to poverty, had nothing to

live on but a little garden in the suburbs. The young men went into the garden, with the crown in their hands, and found Abdonimus busy at work. They saluted him king, and exhorted him to be ever mindful of the low condition from which he was taken; adding, that his poverty and industry had bestowed this honour upon him. Alexander inquired of him, whether he had borne poverty with any degree of patience? 'I wish,' says he, 'I may bear prosperity with the same equality of mind. I had little; but I wanted little; and these hands supplied what I wanted.'

'The French,' observes Seisel, 'have always been free in expressing their thoughts of all men; and even of their princes, not only after their death, but when alive, and sometimes even in their presence.' Louis XII. being dangerously ill, was represented on the stage pale and languid, and surrounded with physicians consulting about his disease. They agreed upon a dozen of portable gold: He instantly recovered, and had no remaining system, but an ardent thirst. Louis, informed of the success of that farce,

said coolly, ' I love much better that my a-
' varice should make my courtiers laugh,
' than that my profuseness should make my
' people weep.'

JOHN COMMENIUS, Emperor of Trebisond, on his death-bed, left his son and heir, a child not four years old, under the tuition of his brother David. David, an ambitious prince, being tempted by this favourable opportunity, seized the crown, after putting his nephew to death. But he did not long enjoy the purchase of an act so perfidious. He was attacked by Mahomet, emperor of the Turks; and, after being led prisoner to Constantinople, it was left in his choice to die, or to change his religion. Considering the character of this man, could one foresee that he would rather die than become a Mahometan? From this example we see, that ambition may prevail over conscience, and yet that conscience may prevail over the fear of death.

Among the captives taken by Mahomet the Great, upon the surrender of Negropont, was Anne Erizzio, a young Venetian.

Mahomet, charmed with her beauty, made an offer of his heart. The lady resolutely said, that she was a Christian, and a virgin; and that she abhorred more than death the debaucheries of his seraglio, and the impoisoned smoothness of his promises. All means were used in vain to gain her. Magnificent habits, costly jewels, were rejected with disdain. Mahomet, irritated with unexampled resistance, fell from love to hatred, and cut off her head in a transport of fury. And thus our heroïue, by the sacrifice of a frail life, acquired immortal glory.

VERTOT reports of Mahomet the Great, that though he had conquered two empires, twelve kingdoms, and about three hundred cities; yet these were so far from satisfying his ambition, that toward the close of his life he was deeply engaged in new enterprises. This is vouched by the inscription he ordered to be ingraved upon his tomb, which, without the least hint of his former victories, is as follows: ‘ My ambition was the conquest of Rhodes and of proud Italy.’ None of our passions are so oppressive and tyrannical.

nical as ambition and avarice. They know no end, and are never to be satisfied.

AT the battle of Philippi, when Brutus, after the rout of his army, was in hazard of falling into the hands of his enemies, his bosom-friend Lucilius gave him an opportunity to escape, calling out, 'I am Brutus, lead me to Antony.' Being conducted to Antony, he spoke with great resolution. 'I have employed this artifice,' said he, 'that Brutus might not fall alive into the hands of his enemies. The Gods will never permit that fortune shall triumph so far over virtue. In spite of fortune, Brutus will always be found, dead or alive, in a situation worthy of his courage.' Antony, admiring the firmness of Lucilius, said to him, 'You merit a greater recompence than it is in my power to bestow. I have been just now informed of the death of Brutus; and as your fidelity to him is now at an end, I beg earnestly to be received in his place; Love me as you did him, I wish no more.' Lucilius engaged himself to Antony, and maintaining the same fidelity to him that he

had done to Brutus, adhered to him when he was abandoned by all the world.

WHEN the illustrious Alfred, king of Britain, was repulsed by an army superior to his own, he was obliged to submit to the wretched necessity of the times. Accordingly, he assumed a disguise the most likely to conceal him; and after having properly disposed of his family, and settled a method of communication with some trusty friends, he engaged himself in the service of his own cow-herd. The wife of the herdsman was ignorant of the rank of her royal guest, and, seeing him one day busy by the fire-side in trimming his bow and arrows, she desired him to take care of some cakes that were baking at the fire, while she was employed in other domestic affairs: but Alfred, whose thoughts were otherwise engaged, forgot the cakes; and the woman, on her return, finding them burnt, chid the king very severely, telling him, 'that he was always willing enough to eat her hot cakes; though he was negligent in turning them.' The patient prince entreated her pardon, and promised to be more careful for the future.

NINON de l'ENCLOS, (of whom a remarkable anecdote appears in page 4th of this volume), was a very distinguished French courtesan, who, with a fine understanding and philosophic spirit, would reason like Socrates, though she acted like Lais; while, therefore, the great Condè, the Villarceaux, the Sevignes, the Rochefoucaults, enjoyed her as a mistress, the learned consulted her as a philosopher or a critic; for her house was a common rendezvous to the learned, as well as to the fine gentlemen of the world. Scarron consulted her upon his 'Comical Romance'; St Evremond, upon his Verses; Moliere, upon his Comedies; and Fontenelle, upon his Dialogues.—This bewitching woman died in 1706, aged 90, retaining her personal charms to the last. She left some children; and one of her sons died, before her, a very tragical death indeed. Not knowing her to be his mother (for all her operations were conducted with secrecy and mystery) he actually fell in love with her; and when, to get rid of his passion, she discovered herself to him, through shame and despair he poignarded himself in her presence.

LEO X. Pope of Rome, ever to be remembered by Protestants as having been the cause of the Reformation begun by Luther, was born 1475, and died 1521. He was a lover and patronizer of learning and learned men, and equally favoured arts and sciences, being himself a man of taste. For this he has been often celebrated, and by our countryman Pope in particular :

‘ But see ! each Muse in Leo’s golden days [bays ;
‘ Starts from her trance, and trims her wither’d
‘ Rome’s ancient genius, o’er its ruins spread,
‘ Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev’rend head,
‘ Then Sculpture and her sister arts revive ;
‘ Stones leap to form, and rocks begin to live ;
‘ With sweeter notes each rising temple rung ;
‘ A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.’

DANIEL BERNOUILLI was a celebrated philosopher and mathematician, born at Groningen Feb. 9., 1782. He was extremely respected at Basil ; and to bow to Daniel Bernouilli, when they met him in the streets, was one of the first lessons which every father gave every child. He used to tell two little adventures, which, he said, had given him more pleasure than all the other honours

he had received. He was travelling with a learned stranger, who, being pleased with his conversation, asked his name. "I am "Daniel Bernouilli," answered he with great modesty.—'And I,' said the stranger (who thought he meant to laugh at him) 'am Isaac Newton.' Another time he was giving a dinner to the famous Koenig the mathematician, who boasted, with a sufficient degree of self-complacency, of a difficult problem he had resolved with much trouble. Bernouilli went on doing the honours of his table, and when they went to drink coffee presented him with a solution of the problem more elegant than his own.

MARIE-FRANCIS Arouet de Voltaire, gentleman of the bedchamber and historiographer to the king of France, a most celebrated French historian, philosopher, dramatic writer, and epic poet, born 1694, died 1778. In his earliest years he displayed a ready wit and a sprightly imagination, and, as he said of himself, made verses before he was out of his cradle; indeed, such was the precocity of his talents, that many of his essays are now existing, which, though written when he was

between 12 and 14, shew no marks of infancy. He was intended for the profession of the law, but became soon disgusted with the dryness of that pursuit, and devoted his life to the service of the muses. His tragedies are *chefs d'œuvres* of pathos and dignity; but his 'Lettres Philosophiques' abound in bold expressions and indecent witticisms against religion. The 'Henriade' is a very fine epic poem; and his 'Histories' of 'Charles XII' and the 'Czar Peter,' are models of historic composition.—Of his character the following is a brief but just sketch: He was a Free-thinker at London, a Cartesian at Versailles, a Christian at Nancy, and an Infidel at Berlin. In society, he was alternately an Aristippus and a Diogenes. He made pleasure the object of his researches; he enjoyed it, and made it the object of his praise; he grew weary of it, and turned it into ridicule; he had sensibility without affection; was voluptuous without passions, open without sincerity, and liberal without generosity; was stedfast to nothing by choice, but every thing by irregular starts of fancy. His life was an uncommon and perpetual change from greatness to meanness, from glory to con-

tempt, and frequently has he combined the gravity of Plato with the legerdemain of Harlequin ! Though he has often availed himself of his amazing talents to promote the cause of reason and humanity, to inspire princes with toleration, and with a horror for war; yet he too often exerted himself in extending the principles of irreligion and anarchy. As a man of letters, however, he will stand in the first rank with posterity, for brilliancy of imagination, for astonishing ease, exquisite taste, versatility of talents, and extent of knowledge.

It is very justly remarked by Denina, (in his history of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Literature), that Voltaire affects, in his Universal History, and in many of his other writings—‘to lay open to his readers the *heart of man*--whilst he displays every where ‘only his *own heart* :’ falsely concluding that all mankind are, and have uniformly been, actuated by principles equally vain, selfish, and mean, as those by which his own life was governed.

When the incursions of the victorious Danes had compelled Alfred the Great to

retire to Athelny, in Somerset-shire, he was reduced to such extremity as only to be master of one single loaf of bread. But that vicissitude which would have depressed a weak mind, seemed to exalt that of Alfred's; for, instead of drooping under, he actually rose superior to his misfortunes; and though unable to assist himself, he stretched out his hand to relieve his fellow creatures. An humble mendicant solicited the queen's assistance, who, knowing the scantiness of her own store, mildly denied the reiterated request. The king, finding the petitioner importunate, desired the *loaf* might be *divided* between *them*; saying, "He who could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make that half loaf more than suffice for our necessities."

THE following interesting narrative is extracted from a work published in France some years ago.

"—I AM going, dear friend, to intrust you with a dreadful secret, which I can tell no body but you. The marriage of Mademoiselle de Vildac with the young Sainville took place yesterday; as a neighbour I was oblig-

ed to be there. You know M. de Vildac; he has an inauspicious physiognomy, which I always feared. I observed him yesterday, in the midst of all these festivals: far from taking a share in the happiness of his son-in-law, and daughter, the joy of the rest seemed to be a load to him. When it was time to retire, I was conducted to an apartment at the foot of the great tower. I had scarcely fallen asleep, when I was awaked by an indistinct noise behind my head. I listened, and heard some body dragging chains, and who was descending softly some steps. At the same time a door of my chamber opened: the noise of chains redoubled. He who carried them advanced towards the chimney; he approached some coals half extinguished, and said, in a deadly voice, 'Ah! how long it is since I have warmed myself!' I confess to you, my friend, I was affrighted. I seized my sword, to be able to defend myself: I opened gently my curtains. By the light which the coals gave, I perceived an old man chained, and half naked, with a bald head and a white beard. He held his trembling hands to the cinders. That sight moved me. Whilst I

was considering it, the wood produced a flame: he had his eyes turned towards the door by which he had entered, and was abandoning himself to the most bitter lamentations. In a moment he kneeled down upon his knees, struck his head against the floor; and I heard him in the midst of sobs to utter, 'My God! O my God!' At that moment the curtains of the bed made a noise; he turned round with the greatest terror: 'Is there any person,' said he, 'is there any person in that bed?' 'Yes,' replied I, at the same time opening the curtains wide, but who are you?' His tears hindered him from answering me for a considerable time; at length he became more calm. 'I am,' said he, 'the most miserable of mortals. Perhaps I ought not to tell you more; but for these many years I have not seen a human being, and the pleasure of speaking to a fellow creature opens my mouth. Fear nothing: come and sit down beside the fire. Have pity upon me; you will soften the rigour of my fate in hearing my misfortunes.' The fright which his first appearance had put me in, gave place to compassion. I a-

rose and sat down beside him ; this mark of confidence gave him courage. He took hold of my hand, and moistened it with his tears. ‘ Generous man,’ said he, ‘ begin first by satisfying my curiosity, tell me how you came to lodge in this apartment, which has hitherto been uninhabited ; what means that terrible din and unusual bustle which I heard this morning in the castle ?’ When I told him it was occasioned by the marriage of Vildac’s daughter, he raised his hand towards heaven, ‘ Vildac a daughter, and married . . . Just God ! O make her happy ! but above all allow her to be ignorant of her father’s crimes. Know then, benevolent stranger, who I am . . . You speak to the father of Vildac . . . of the cruel Vildac :—But ought I to complain of him ? Is there no one but a father to accuse him ?’

‘ What,’ cried I with astonishment, ‘ is Vildac your son ? and does the monster imprison you here in such misery, load you with chains, and seclude you so long from the world ?’

‘ Behold,’ replied he, ‘ in my sufferings, the fatal effects of self interestedness.

‘ Feeling is an utter stranger in the hard
‘ and savage heart of my son. Insensible to
‘ the ties of kindred, he has lent a deaf ear
‘ to the cry of nature: in order to be the
‘ sooner in possession of my fortune, he has
‘ loaded me with irons.

‘ One day he paid a visit to a neighbour-
‘ ing lord who had lately lost his father; he
‘ found him surrounded with his vassals, bu-
‘ sied in receiving rents and in granting lea-
‘ ses. That sight had a dreadful effect up-
‘ on the mind of Vildac. The thirst for re-
‘ ceiving his patrimony had been devouring
‘ him for a long time past. I remarked, at
‘ his return, that he had a graver and more
‘ reserved countenance than usual. Fifteen
‘ days after, three men in masks carried me
‘ off during the night. After having strip-
‘ ped me of every thing, they took me into
‘ this tower. I am ignorant of what means
‘ Vildac took to publish the report of my
‘ death; but I guessed, by the ringing of
‘ bells, and other mournful ceremonies, that
‘ he was celebrating my funeral. The idea
‘ of this ceremony plunged me into a most
‘ profound melancholy. I in vain asked, as
‘ a favour, to be permitted to speak with

‘Vildac : those who brought me food, looked upon me, no doubt, as a criminal, condemned to perish in this tower. I have now been here almost twenty years. I perceived, this morning, that in bringing me my morsel, they had shut my door carelessly. I have waited till night to profit by their negligence : I do not wish to make my escape, but a few paces of more liberty is always some consideration for a prisoner.’

‘No,’ cried I, ‘you shall quit this unworthy mansion : Heaven has sent me to be your deliverer :—let us depart immediately : all is in silence. I shall be your defender, your support, and your guide.’ ‘Ah,’ said he to me, after a moment’s reflection, ‘this kind of solitude has much altered my principles and my ideas. I have long ago resigned myself to my fate ; why should I then quit this peaceful abode, to expose myself again to the vicissitudes of the world ?—My lot is cast : I shall die here.’

‘Are you dreaming,’ replied I : ‘come, we have not a moment to lose ; the night is advancing.’

‘ Your zeal moves me : but I have only
‘ a few days to live ; and liberty gives me
‘ but little temptation. Why should I go
‘ to enjoy it only for a few days, and disho-
‘ nour my son all the rest of his life, which
‘ may otherwise be long and prosperous ?’
‘ He has dishonoured himself.’ ‘ Ah ! what
‘ has his young daughter done ? that young
‘ innocent is now in the arms of her spouse.
‘ I should cover both with disgrace, and
‘ render the remainder of their lives miser-
‘ able. Ah, if fate but permitted me to see
‘ her, to fold her in my arms, and to bathe
‘ her with my tears !—But I am talking to
‘ no purpose. I never shall see her ! A-
‘ dieu :—the day begins to break, we shall
‘ be heard, therefore I will return to my pri-
‘ son.’ ‘ No,’ said I, taking hold of his
arm, ‘ I will never suffer you to depart ;
‘ long confinement has weakened your spi-
‘ rits it is my duty to give you cou-
‘ rage, and lend you assistance. We will en-
‘ deavour to conceal who you are : in the in-
‘ terim my house, name, and fortune, are at
‘ your service ; but first let us secure your li-
‘ berty. The world will be ignorant who you
‘ are ; and the crime of Vildac may be con-

‘ cealed ; therefore what have you to fear ?’
‘ Nothing, I am affected with gratitude :—
‘ I admire your benevolent disposition ; yet
‘ all your entreaties are in vain :—I cannot
‘ follow your advice.’ ‘ Well, if you ra-
‘ ther choose that I should leave you here,
‘ and go to the governor of the province, I
‘ will lay before him your whole story, come
‘ with an armed force and retrieve you from
‘ the hands of your barbarous and unnatural
‘ son.’

‘ Take care that you do not reveal my
‘ secret, allow a wretch to die here who is
‘ unworthy of seeing the day-light.—I once
‘ committed a crime which just heaven has
‘ ordained that I should expiate ; the most
‘ horrid, most inhuman deed. Turn
‘ your eyes towards that door, and behold
‘ upon the wainscoat and upon the wall,
‘ faint traces of blood. That blood was once
‘ my father’s ; you see before you his assas-
‘ sin. Like Vildac, my ungovernable am-
‘ bition overcame me. Ah ! my ima-
‘ gination still paints him before my eyes . . .
‘ there he stretched out his bloody arms to-
‘ wards me ; he wished to stop my polluted

‘hands ; he falls, Oh frightful image ! Oh
‘despair !’

“ At the same time the old man fell down upon the ground, tore his hair, and was in dreadful convulsions ; I saw he dared not to look me in the face ; I remained motionless for a while. After some moments of silence, we thought we heard a noise. The day began to break ; he arose. ‘ You are ‘penetrated with horror,’ said he, ‘ adieu. ‘ I shall go up to the tower, from whence I ‘ shall never more return,’ I remained for a while mute and motionless : every thing I had seen and heard in this castle impressed my mind with horror . . . therefore the sooner I left it the better. I am preparing to go and stay in another of my estates, for I can neither see Vildac nor live near him. O, my friend, how is it possible that the human race can produce such unnatural monsters.”

This adventure happened in Provence, towards the beginning of this century ; before it was printed, it was found necessary to disguise the names.

THE following is a beautiful specimen of Indian eloquence, and, in simple pathos, may justly vie with the orations of a Demosthenes, a Cicero, or those of the most celebrated orators of ancient or modern times.

LOGAN was a distinguished Indian chief of the Mingoe tribe, and the faithful friend of the whites, until Colonel Cresap treacherously murdered his wife and children, in revenge of an outrage committed by a party of the Shawanee Indians, in the year 1744, on an inhabitant of Virginia. Logan immediately joined the enemies of the British, and fought against them with desperate valour. The British prevailed in the decisive battle fought at the mouth of the Great Khanaway, against the united forces of Shawanee, Delaware, and Mingoe Indians:—They sued for peace:—Logan disdained to appear amongst the suppliants, but sent the following speech to Lord Dunmore, governor of Virginia, explanatory of his enmity against the whites:

“ I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him no meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and clothed him not. During

‘ the course of the last long and bloody war,
‘ Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advo-
‘ cate for peace. Such was my love for the
‘ whites, that my countrymen pointed as they
‘ passed, and said, “ Logan is the friend of
‘ white men.” I had even thought to have
‘ lived with you, but for the injuries of one
‘ man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in
‘ cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all
‘ the relations of Logan, not sparing even
‘ my women and children. There runs not a
‘ drop of my blood in the veins of any living
‘ creature. This called on me for revenge.
‘ I have sought it; I have killed many; I
‘ have fully glutted my vengeance. For my
‘ country, I rejoice at the beams of peace;
‘ but do not harbour a thought that mine is
‘ the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear.
‘ He will not turn on his heel to save his
‘ life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?
‘ Not one!’

A native of Guinea sold his wife, who had not been delivered above a month of twins. She was put into the hold among the rest of the slaves; but as it happened to be fine weather, the vessel had not sailed a-

bove a league, before the slaves were all ordered upon deck, and passed in review before the master. This poor mother, irresistibly impelled by her affection for her children, instantly threw herself into the sea, determined still to nourish her babes, or perish in the attempt. The inhuman crew let fly a shower of balls at her; but heaven favoured her heroic attempt, and she got to shore unhurt.

THE following letter was addressed by a Jamaica lady to a female friend: 'One morning taking an airing along the piazza leading from Kensington to the fields, an old negro, who was dressing his sores, begged alms of me. I passed by without taking any notice of him; but immediately reflecting on the poor creature's situation, I returned and gave him a bit, letting him know, that I had very few remaining.' The man expressed his gratitude by significant gestures, and hearty wishes for my prosperity. Some days after, having occasion to pass the same way, I saw the same negro, who attempted to come toward me, but so slowly because of his sores, that he did not over-

take me. He called after me, begging for a single word. I turned back, and he spoke to the following effect: 'That, from what I had said the other day, he suspected I might be in want; and that he could not be easy till he saw me again.' Upon which he pulled out a purse containing, as he said, 28 doubloons, telling me that it was collected by begging, and that he could beg more; praying me to take it, for that a lady could not beg, but must die for want of yam yam if she had no money. My heart was pierced at the generosity of this poor fellow. I thanked him for his kind offer, but that I had got money since I saw him, and had no occasion for his purse. I inquired why his master suffered him to beg: He told me, that being old, he could work no longer, and that his master had turned him out of doors to beg, or starve; that he had been a slave from his infancy, and that his sores were occasioned by severe labour. After giving him another bit, and cautioning him to conceal his money, I left him.

.....

FREDERICK WILLIAM (father of the great Frederick of Prussia) was a prince of singular

disposition. The reverse of his father Frederick I. who delighted in pomp and magnificence even to folly,—this prince despised parade and luxury ; but, at the same time, he expelled from his court every philosopher and learned man, and, with Gothic fury, declared war against the arts and sciences—the science of war, and the art of amassing riches, excepted : These he incessantly studied ; and, by the formidable armies and immense wealth he left his successors, laid the foundation of the future grandeur of Prussia. He affected to be pious, and forced all his army punctually to attend divine service, and the sacraments of the church. But all his religion was confined to this exterior devotion ; and, as none of his chaplains durst tell him, that gentleness, humanity, and indulgence, were virtues at least equally essential, he never conceived that there was any harm in treating his children, his servants, and his subjects, as a groom would his horses, or an Algerine his slaves.

The following anecdotes are characteristic of Frederick William.

When he had reviewed his troops, it was his custom to walk through the city. Every

body then fled before him. He would not suffer a woman to be in the streets. Whenever he met one, he would send her home instantly, with a good box on the ear, a stroke with his cane, or a kick: 'What does this beggar here?' he would say; 'honest women should keep at home.'

One fine summer day, he surprised many ladies, who were walking behind the castle, in a public place, called 'The king's garden,' but which was used only as a parade. At this sight, he called his soldiers, sent for a number of brooms, and obliged the fair ladies to sweep for half an hour.

Nor could he bear to see the ministers of the gospel on the parade; and, whenever he perceived any of them, he would send them home with a few strokes of his cane, to study their bible, and make sermons.

The prince-royal, spending some days with his father at Bonn, the elector Clement Augustus, of the house of Bavaria, treated them with all possible magnificence; and, among other entertainments, he gave them a ball, Frederick William was always ill-dressed; for he wore an uniform as long as he could; and whenever he was obliged to order a new

coat, he would make the old buttons do. The dress of the prince-royal was hardly more elegant: he was, moreover, very melancholy, and enjoyed no kind of pleasure in these amusements. The king perceiving it, enquired the reason of his melancholy, and why he did not dance. The prince, with a downcast eye, looked at his almost worn-out dress. But the vigorous monarch answered, by giving him a severe cuff before all the company, and pushing him into the room, saying, 'Go, go, Sir, dance.'—The tears trickled down the prince's cheeks; but it was necessary to ask a lady, and to dance with her.

Nor did his judges escape these manual censures. One of his generals having complained to him of a sentence which the court of justice had awarded in an affair in which he was interested, the king went instantly to the hall where the members of the tribunal were assembled; and there, beginning with the president, he dealt his strokes of the cane on all the judges, repeatedly calling them *knaves* and *rascals*.—It was truly a farcical scene, to see all these grave sages of the law, running here and there, to avoid

the strokes of the cane, while his Majesty pursued them.

.....

A corporal of the life-guards of *Frederick the Great*, who had a great deal of vanity, but, at the same time, was a brave fellow, wore a watch chain, to which he affixed a musket bullet, instead of a watch, which he was unable to buy. The king being inclined one day to rally him, said, 'Apropos, corporal, you must have been very frugal to buy a watch: it is six o'clock by mine; tell me what it is by yours?'—The soldier, who guessed the king's intention, instantly drew the bullet from his fob, and said, 'Sire, my watch neither marks five nor six o'clock; but it tells me every moment, that it is my duty to die for your Majesty.'—'Here, my friend,' said the king, quite affected, 'take this watch, that you may be able to tell the hour also.'—And he gave him his watch, which was adorned with brilliants.

Frederick rung one day, and nobody answered. He opened the door, and found the page sleeping on a sofa. He was going to

wake him, when he perceived the end of a billet out of his pocket. He had the curiosity to know the contents: he took, and read it. It was a letter from the mother of the young man, who thanked him for having sent her a part of his wages, to assist her in her distress. She concluded, by beseeching God to bless him for his filial goodness. The king returned softly to his room, took a roller of ducats, and slid them, with the letter, into the page's pocket. Returning to his apartment, he rang so violently, that the page opened it, and entered.—‘You have slept well,’ said the king. The page made an apology, and, in his embarrassment, he happened to put his hand into his pocket, and felt, with astonishment, the roller. He drew it out, turned pale, and, looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to speak a word.—‘What is the matter?’—‘Ah! Sire,’ said the young man, throwing himself at his feet, ‘somebody would wish to ruin me: I know not how I came by this money in my pocket.’—‘My friend,’ said Frederick, ‘God often sends us good in our sleep. Send this to your mother. Salute

‘her in my name ; and assure her that I shall
‘take care of her and of you.’

Note.—Engel has made this anecdote
the subject of a little drama, entitled ‘The
‘Page.’

It was customary with Frederick, whenever a new soldier appeared in his guards, to ask him three questions ; viz. How old are you ? How long have you been in my service ? Are you satisfied with your pay and treatment ? It happened that a young soldier, born in France, who had served in his own country, desired to enlist in the Prussian service, his figure caused him to be immediately accepted : but he was totally ignorant of the German dialect ; and his captain giving him notice that the king would question him in that tongue the first time he would see him, cautioned him at the same time to learn by heart the three answers that he was to make the king. Accordingly he learned them by the next day ; and as soon as he appeared in the ranks, Frederick came up to interrogate him ; but he happened to begin upon him by the second question, and asked him ‘How long have you been in my

‘service?’ ‘Twenty-one years!’ answered the soldier. The king, struck with his youth, that plainly indicated that he had not bore a musket so long as that, said to him, much astonished, ‘How old are you?’—‘One year, an’t please your Majesty.’ Frederick, more astonished still, cried, ‘You or I must certainly be bereft of our senses.’ The soldier, who took this for the third question, replied firmly, ‘Both, an’t please your Majesty.’—‘This is the first time I was ever treated as a madman at the head of my army,’ rejoined Frederick. The soldier, who had exhausted his stock of German, kept silent, and when the king questioned him again, to penetrate into this mystery, the soldier told him in French, that he did not understand a word of German, at which the king laughed heartily, and advised him to learn that language, and exhorted him to perform well his duty.

Frederick had ordered piazzas to be erected round the church of St Nicholas, at Potsdam; by which means the lower range of windows was entirely covered, and the church deprived of some light. The over-

seers and churchwardens were dissatisfied, and presented a memorial to the king, requesting that he would discontinue the building, and pull down what had already been erected. But their memorial was returned, and the following was written at the bottom, in the king's own hand : ' Blessed are they ' who do not see, and yet believe.'

The Prisoner,—a recent Fact.

" A dreadful din was wont
" To grate the sense, when entered here, from
 groans,
" And howls of slaves condemned, from clink of
 chains,
" And crash of rusty bars, and creaking hinges !
" And ever and anon the light was dashed
" With frightful faces, and the meagre looks
" Of grim and ghastly executioners."

CONGREVE.

THE tolling of the dreadful bell, summoning the miserable to pay their forfeited lives to the injured laws of their country, awoke Henry from the first sleep he had fallen into since he entered the walls of a dismal prison.

Henry had been a merchant, and married the beautiful Eliza in the midst of affluence ;

but the capture of our West India fleet, in the late unnatural American war, was the first stroke his house received. His creditors, from the nature of the loss, were for some time merciful ; but to satisfy some partial demands, he entered into a dishonourable treaty, which being discovered, Henry was thrown into a loathsome goal. He had offended against the laws, and was condemned to die.

Eliza possessed Roman virtues. She would not quit his side, and, with her infant son, she preferred chacing away his melancholy in a dungeon, to her father's house, which was still open to receive her. Their hopes of a reprieve from day to day, had fled ; but not before the death-warrant arrived. Grief overpowering all other senses. Sleep, the balmy charmer of the woes of humanity, in pity to their miseries, extended her silken embraces over them, and beguiled the time they had appropriated for prayer, and Eliza, with the infant, still continued under her influence.

Father of Mercies, exclaimed Henry, lend thine ear to a penitent. Give attention to my short prayer. Grant me forgive-

ness——endue me with fortitude to appear before thee :—and O God ! extend thy mercies to this injured, this best of thy servants, whom I have entailed in endless miseries—Chace not sleep from her, till I am dead——The Keeper interrupted his devotion by warning him to his fate.—If there be mercy in you, replied Henry, make no noise, for I would not have my wife awaked till I am no more——

He wept——even he, who was inured to misery——He who, with apathy, had for ages looked on distress, shed tears at Henry's request——Nature, for once, predominated in a Goaler.

At this instant the child cried !—O heavens, said Henry, I am too guilty to have my prayer heard.—He took up his infant, and fortunately hushed it again to rest, while the Goaler stood petrified with grief and astonishment.—At last he thus broke out—This is too much—My heart bleeds for you—I would I had not seen this day.

What do I hear, replied Henry ?—Is this an angel, in the garb of my keeper ?—Thou art indeed unfit for thy office—This is more

than I was prepared to hear—Hence, and let me be conducted to my fate—

These words awoke the unhappy Eliza; who, with eagerness to atone for lost time, began to appropriate the few moments left, in supplicating for her husband's salvation.

Side by side the unhappy couple prayed as the Ordinary advanced to the cell. They were too intent on devotion to observe him. The holy man came with more comfort than what his function alone could administer. It was a reprove, but with caution he communicated the glad tidings.

The effect it had on them was too affecting to be expressed. Henry's senses were over-powered, while Eliza became frantic with joy—She ran to the Man of God, then to her child, ere she perceived her husband apparently lifeless. He soon inhaled life, from her kisses, while the humane Gaoler freed him from his fetters.

.....
MR GRAY, the celebrated author of the *Elegy in a Country Church Yard*, being in London before his promotion to the professorship of Modern History in the university of Cambridge; and when his circumstances

were so cramped that he could indulge himself in very few gratifications, went with a friend to a private sale of books, in which the lots were very large: among the rest; there was a very elegant book-case, filled with a well chosen collection of the best French classics, handsomely bound, the price 100 guineas. Mr Gray had a great longing for this lot, but could not afford to buy it. The conversation between him and his friend was overheard by the amiable Duchess of Northumberland, who knowing the other gentleman, took an opportunity to ask who his friend was? She was told it was the celebrated Gray. Upon their retiring, she bought the book case and its contents, and sent it to Mr Gray's lodgings, with a note, importing, that she was ashamed of sending so small an acknowledgement for the infinite pleasure she had received in reading the *Elegy* in a Country Church-Yard.

THE late Dr Goldsmith, sitting one evening at the Globe-Tavern, Fleet street, he called for a mutton-chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman with whom he was intimately acquaint-

ed, turned up his nose, and asked how the doctor could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him? 'Stinking!' says the Doctor, 'in good truth I don't smell it.' 'I never smelt any thing so disagreeable in my life,' says the gentleman: 'the rascal deserves a caning for being so heedless as to bring you such carrion.' 'In good truth,' says the poet, 'I think so too; but I will be less severe in my punishment.' He instantly called the waiter, and, after persuading the poor fellow that the chop stunk worse than assafoetida, he insisted, as a punishment, that he should sit down and eat it himself. The waiter argued; but he might as well attempt to beat Charles Macklin out of an opinion: the doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane, if he did not immediately comply with the punishment.

When the waiter had swallowed half the chop, the doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking, with his usual good nature, it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful. When the waiter had done, Goldsmith's friend burst into an horse laugh. 'What, in God's name, ails you now?' says

the poet. "Indeed, my dear friend, I could never think that any man, whose knowledge of letters was so extensive as your's, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humour; the chop was as fine a one as I ever saw in my life." 'Was it?' says the Doctor, 'then I shall never give credit to what you say again; and so, in good truth, I think I am even with you.'

ONE asking a lazy young fellow, what made him lie in bed so long? 'I am busied,' says he, 'in hearing counsel every morning. Industry advises me to get up, Sloth to lie still; and so they give me twenty reasons *pro* and *con*. It is my part to hear what is said on both sides; and by the time the cause is over, dinner is ready.'

A SOVEREIGN, in a progress through his kingdom, was informed, in one of his capital towns, of a singular fact, That one of the inhabitants, a man of seventy years old, had never been without the walls. The man was called to the King; and, being poor, obtained a pension; but, upon the following pro-

vision, That he should forfeit his pension if ever he set foot out of town. But here even custom could not prevail over love of liberty : The man did not continue long at ease ; his confinement became insupportable, and he lost his pension in six months.

THE ancients spoke of humanity in a less studied phrase than we ; but they knew better than we how to practise it. There is a passage in Plutarch which may be applied to them and us with propriety, and which I cannot forbear transcribing. ‘ At the theatre in Athens, a venerable old man was looking about for a seat, which some young ones at a distance perceiving, they beckoned him to come to them, intimating they would make room for him ; but, when he came near them, they filled up their seat, and made a jest of him ; the old man went from seat to seat, in great confusion, being all the while ridiculed by the Athenian youth.’ But the Spartan ambassadors being present, and seeing his distress, rose up, and placed him honourably in the midst them. The transaction was noticed by the

whole audience, and the behaviour of the Spartans was received with universal applause : whilst the old man shook his head and cried, ' What a pity the Athenians ' should know what good manners are, but ' that the Lacedemonians only should put ' them in practice !'

THE late prodigy of genius, the unfortunate Chatterton, was amusing himself one day, in company with a friend, reading the epitaphs in Pancras church-yard. He was so deep sunk in thought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave that was just dug, he tumbled into it. His friend observing his situation, ran to his assistance, and as he helped him out, told him in a jocular manner, he was happy in assisting at the resurrection of Genius.—Poor Chatterton smiled, and taking his companion by the arm, replied—' My dear friend, I feel the ' sting of a speedy dissolution—I have been ' at war with the grave for some time, and ' find it is not so easy to vanquish it as I ' imagined—we can find an asylum to ' hide from every creditor but that !' His friend endeavoured to divert his thoughts

from the gloomy reflection : but what will not melancholy and adversity combined, subjugate ? In three days after the neglected and disconsolate youth was no more !

HENRY Duke of Saxony was by nature fierce and haughty, eager in his pursuits, impatient of disappointment or control. This temper was fostered by bad education. So soon as he could reflect, he reflected that he was a sovereign, and he was ever soothed in the notions that a prince is above all law. At the same time he was inclined to the principles of justice and honour, where his passions did not oppose ; and he had a profound awe for the Supreme Being, which, by his wicked life, deviated into superstition. The outrages committed by this prince were without end ; every thing was sacrificed to his lust, cruelty, and ambition ; and at his court, beauty, riches, honours, became the greatest misfortunes. His horrid enormities filled him with suspicion ; if a grandee absented, it was for leisure to form plots ; if he was submissive and obedient, it was dissimulation merely. Thus did the prince live wofully solitary, in the midst of fancied socie-

ty ; at enmity with every one, and least of all at peace with himself ; sinning daily, repenting daily ; feeling the agonies of reproofing conscience, which haunted him waking, and left him not when asleep.

In a melancholy fit, under the impressions of a wicked action recently perpetrated, he dreamed that the tutelar angel of the country stood before him with anger in his looks, mixed with some degree of pity. ' Ill-fated wretch,' said the apparition, ' listen to the awful command I bear. The Almighty, unwilling to cut thee off in the fulness of iniquity, has sent me to give thee warning.' Upon this the angel reached a scroll of paper, and vanished. The scroll contained the following words, *After six*. Here the dream ended ; for the impression it made broke his rest. The prince awaked in the greatest consternation, deeply struck with the vision. He was convinced that the whole was from God, to prepare him for death ; which he concluded was to happen in six months, perhaps in six days ; and that this time was allotted him to make his peace with his maker by an unfeigned repentance for all his crimes. How idle and unpleasant seemed now those

objects which he formerly pursued at the expence of religion and humanity ! Where is now that lust of command, which occasioned so much bloodshed ; that cruel malice and envy against every contending power ; that suspicious jealousy, the cause of much imaginary treason ; furies fostered in his bosom, preying incessantly upon his vitals, and yet darlings of his soul ? Happy expulsion ; if not succeeded by the greatest of all furies, black despair.

Thus, in the utmost torments of mind, six days, six weeks, and six months, passed away ; but death did not follow. And now he concluded, that six years were to be the period of his miserable life. By this time the violence of the tempest was over. Hitherto he had sequestered himself from mankind, and had spent, in abstinence and private worship, the short time he thought allotted him. Now began he to form resolutions of a more thorough repentance ; now was he fixed to do good, as formerly he had done mischief, with all his heart. The supposed shortness of his warning had hitherto not left it in his power to repair the many injuries he had committed, which was the

weightiest load upon his mind. Now was he resolved to make the most ample reparation.

In this state, where hope prevailed, and some beams of sunshine appeared breaking through the cloud, he addressed himself to his Maker, in the following terms: ‘ O thou
‘ glorious and omnipotent Being, Parent and
‘ Preserver of all things! how lovely art
‘ thou in peace and reconciliation! but oh!
‘ how terrible to the workers of iniquity!
‘ While my hands are lifted up, how doth
‘ my heart tremble! for manifold have been
‘ my transgressions. Headlong driven by
‘ impetuous passion, I deserted the path of
‘ virtue, and wandered through every sort of
‘ iniquity. Trampling conscience under foot,
‘ I surrendered myself to delusions, which,
‘ under the colour of good, abandoned me
‘ still to misery and remorse. Happy only
‘ if at any moment an offended conscience
‘ could be laid asleep. But what source of
‘ happiness in doing good, and in feeling the
‘ calm sunshine of virtue and honour! O
‘ my conscience! when thou art a friend,
‘ what imports it who is an enemy? when
‘ thou lookest dreadful, where are they fled,

‘ all the blessings, all the amusements of life ?
‘ Thanks to the superabundant mercy, that
‘ hath not abandoned me to reprobation, but
‘ hath indulged a longer day for repentance.
‘ Good God ! the lashes of agonizing remorse
‘ let me never more feel ; be it now my only
‘ concern in this life, to establish with my
‘ conscience a faithful correspondence. My
‘ inordinate passions, those deluding inchant-
‘ ers, root thou out ; for the work is too mighty
‘ for my weak endeavour. And oh ! mould
‘ thou my soul into that moderation of desire,
‘ and just balance of affection, without which
‘ no enjoyment is solid, no pleasure unmixed
‘ with pain. Hereafter let it not be sufficient to
‘ be quiet and inoffensive ; but since gracious-
‘ ly to my life thou hast added many days, may
‘ all be spent in doing good ; let that day be
‘ deemed lost, which sees me not employed
‘ in some works beneficial to my subjects, or
‘ to mankind ; that at last I may lay me down
‘ in peace, comforted if I have not proved in
‘ every respect an unprofitable servant.”

His first endeavours were to regain the confidence of his nobles, and love of his people. With unremitting application he attended to their good ; and soon felt that satisfaction

in considering himself as their father, which he never knew when he considered them as his slaves. Now began he to relish the pleasures of social intercourse, of which pride and jealousy had made him hitherto insensible. He had thought friendship a chimera, devised to impose upon mankind. Convinced now of its reality, the cultivation of it was one of his chief objects. Man he found to be a being honest and faithful, deserving esteem, and capable of friendship; hitherto he had judged of others by the corrupt emotions of his own heart. Well he remembered his many gloomy moments of disgust and remorse, his spleen and bad humour, the never-failing attendants of vice and debauchery. Fearful to expose his wicked purposes, and dreading every searching eye, he had estranged himself from the world; and what could he expect, conscious as he was of a depraved heart, but aversion and horror? Miserable is that state, cut off from all comfort, in which an unhappy mortal's chief concern is to fly from man, because every man is his enemy. After tasting of this misery, how did he bless the happy change! Now, always calm and serene, diffusive benevolence

gilded every thought of his heart, and action of his life. It was now his delight to be seen and to lay open his whole soul; for in it dwelt harmony and peace.

Fame, now his friend, blazed his virtues all around; and now in distant regions was the good prince known, where his vices had never reached. Among his virtues, an absolute and pure disinterestedness claimed every where the chief place. In all disputes, he was the constant mediator betwixt sovereigns, and betwixt them and their subjects; and he gained more authority over neighbouring princes by esteem and reverence, than they had over their own subjects.

In this manner elapsed the six years, till the fatal period came. The vision was fulfilled; but very differently from what was expected. For at this precise period, a vacancy happening, he was unanimously chosen Emperor of Germany.

ARTAXERXES MNEMON, flying from his enemies, being reduced for a dinner to dry figs and barley-bread; 'How much pleasure; ' said he, 'have I been ignorant of!'

DIONYSIUS the tyrant having been entertained by the Lacedemonians, expressed some disgust at their black broth. "No wonder," said one of them, "for it wants seasoning." 'What seasoning?' said the tyrant. "Labour," replied the other, "joined with hunger and thirst."

TIMOTHEUS the Athenian general supping with Plato, was entertained with a frugal meal and much improving discourse. Meeting Plato afterwards, 'Your suppers,' said he, 'are not only pleasant at the time, but equally so the next day.'

PLATO, seeing the Agrigentines building at great expence, and supping at great expence, said, The 'Agrigentines build as if they were to live for ever, and sup as if it were to be their last.'

WHEN Dion had rescued Syracuse from slavery, Heraclides his declared enemy became his humble suppliant for mercy. Dion was exhorted not to spare a turbulent and wicked man, who had brought his country almost to ruin. Dion answered, 'Those

‘ who are bred up to arms seldom think of
‘ any study but that of war. I was educat-
‘ ed in the Academy, and my chief study
‘ was, to conquer anger, revenge, envy, ob-
‘ stinacy, plagues that corrupt the human
‘ heart. The true test of such victory, is
‘ not kindness to friends and to good men,
‘ but lenity to wicked men that are our en-
‘ emies. It is my resolution to overcome
‘ Heraclides, not by power and prudence,
‘ but by humanity. Nor is any man so per-
‘ verse or wicked, as not to yield at length to
‘ good treatment.

DR JOHNSON happening to sit in a coffee-
room where a dog was very troublesome, he
bid the waiter kick him out; but in the hur-
ry of business he forgot it. The dog conti-
nuing to pester him, he said, if the waiter
did not kick the dog out, he would kick
him out. ‘ Sir,’ said a young coxcomb, ‘ I
‘ perceive you are not fond of dogs.’ ‘ No,’
said the doctor, ‘ nor of puppies neither.’

“THE first time Dr Johnson was in com-
pany with Mrs T., neither the elegance of
his conversation, nor the depth of his know-

ledge, could prevent that lady's being shocked at his manners. Amongst other pieces of indecorum, his tea not being sweet enough, he clapped his fingers into the sugar dish, and supplied himself with as little ceremony and concern, as if there had not been a lady at the table. Every well-bred cheek was tinged with confusion; but Mrs T. was so exasperated, that she ordered the sugar-dish immediately from the table, as if its contents had been contaminated by the fingers of Pomposo. The doctor prudently took no notice, but peaceably swallowed, as usual, his several cups of tea. When he had done, instead of placing his cup and saucer upon the table, he threw them both very calmly under the stove. The whole tea-table was thrown into confusion. Mrs T. screamed out, 'Heavens! doctor, what have you done? You have spoiled the handsomest set of china I have in the world!' 'I am sorry for it, Madam,' answered Dr Johnson, 'but I assure you I did it out of pure good-breeding; for, from your treatment of the sugar-dish, I supposed you would never touch any thing again that I once soiled with my fingers.'

MACKLIN and Dr Johnson disputing on a literary subject, Johnson quoted Greek. 'I do not understand Greek,' said Macklin.—'A man who argues should understand every language,' replied Johnson.—'Very well,' said Macklin, and gave him a quotation from *Irish*.

WHEN the late Dr Whitfield arrived at America, observing, during his voyage, the dissolute manners of the crew, he invited them to one of his pious declamations, and took occasion to reprehend them for their infamous manner of living. 'You will certainly,' says he, 'go to hell.—God will never save your wicked souls.—Perhaps you may think I will be an advocate for you; but, believe me, I will tell of all your wicked actions.'—Upon which one of the sailors, turning to his brother mess-mate, observed, that 'the greatest rogue always turned king's evidence.'

A FARMER came to a neighbouring lawyer, expressing great concern for an accident he said had just happened. 'One of your oxen,' continued he, 'has been gored by an unlucky

‘ bull of mine, and I should be glad to know
‘ what reparation I am to make you.’ “ Thou
“ art an honest fellow,” replied the lawyer,
“ and will not think it unreasonable that I have
“ one of thy oxen in return.” ‘ It is no more but
‘ justice,’ quoth the farmer.—‘ But what did I
‘ say? I mistook ! It is your bull that has kil-
‘ led one of my oxen.’ “ Indeed!” says the law-
yer, “ that alters the case : I must inquire in-
“ to the affair, and if”—‘ And *if*!’ interrupted
the farmer ; ‘ the business I find would have
‘ been concluded without an *if*, had you been
‘ as ready to do justice to others as to exact
‘ it from them.’

A YOUNG gentleman had long, in vain, entreated Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, to use her influence in procuring him a commission in the army. Being one day in a large and polite company, where the Duchess was present ; her Grace, overstraining herself, unfortunately produced a very loud explosion. The young gentleman, who sat next her, immediately rose up, and made a handsome apology to the company for being guilty of so unlucky a breach of good manners ; and thus freed the Duchess of any suspicion

of being the guilty person. Her Grace, charmed with the young man's gallantry, presented him with a commission next day, saying, 'Tis an ill wind which blows no body good.'

A FAT parson, who had long dosed over sermons in his pulpit, and strong beer in his parlour, happened one Sunday, after a plentiful crop of tithes, to exert himself mightily. His text was, the patience of Job. Deeply impressed with his own discourse, he, for the first time, acknowledged to his spouse at supper, that he was somewhat choleric, but that hereafter he was resolved to practise himself what he had preached to others. 'But now, my jewel,' says he, 'let us refresh ourselves with a sip of the best. Remember the favourite barrel, may not this be a proper time to give it vent?' The obedient wife, ravished with his good humour, flew to the cellar. But, alas, the barrel was staved, and quite empty. What should she do? There was no hiding. "My dear," said she, "with despair in her eyes, what a sad accident has happened!" 'I am sorry,' replied the parson, gravely,

‘if any one has met with a misfortune; for my part, if it relate to me, I am resolved to bear it with Christian patience.’—— But where is the beer all this while? “A-lack-a-day, that is the very thing. How it has happened, I cannot understand, but it is all swimming on the ground.” What do pious resolutions avail, when the hour of temptation comes? The parson fell into a violent passion, raved, exclaimed. “My life,” says she, “do but reflect upon your sermon, think of the patience of Job.” ‘Job,’ said he, ‘don’t talk to me of Job’s patience; Job never had a barrel of such beer.’

THE celebrated Dr Pitcairne lived some years in Holland, but seems to have entertained no very favourable sentiments of that industrious people, as appears by the following extemporary lines on his taking farewell of the country :

Amphibious wretches, sudden be your fall;
May man *undamn* you, and G—d d——n you all!

THE clergyman of a village a few miles south of Edinburgh, (which is almost en-

tirely inhabited by coalliers) being one day engaged in examining his parishioners on the principles of the Christian religion, and finding them extremely defective in their knowledge of those divine truths, felt it his duty to display, in pretty strong terms, the punishment that awaited the wicked in a future world; observing that they 'would be cast into a place of utter darkness, where there would be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth!' 'Let them gnash that have teeth,' cries an old woman from a corner of the church, 'for my part I have had nane these thirty years.'

A CLERGYMAN, in a northern county of Scotland, being engaged in the same duty as the above mentioned, discovering a very old man amongst his audience, grossly ignorant of the most simple truths of Christianity, enquired if he knew the name of his Maker? John scratched his head, and at last answered, 'It was my father.' The clergyman, turning to a child a few years old, said, 'Pray, my dear, who made you?' The child readily answered, 'God Almighty.' The parson addressing the hoary clown, re-

marked, how criminal it was in a man of his advanced age, to be ignorant of his Almighty Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor, when even an infant could so readily answer the question. ‘De’il thank him,’ said the old fellow, ‘*he was last made.*’

DONALD M‘GREGOR, a notorious sheep-stealer (alias *sheep-lifter*) in the north Highlands, being at last overtaken by the grim tyrant of the human race, was visited by the minister of the parish, whose appearance, however, was by no means pleasant to Donald. The holy man warmly exhorted the dying Highlander to reflect upon the long and black catalogue of his sins before it was too late, otherwise he would have a tremendous account to give at the great day of retribution, when all the crimes he had committed in this world would appear in dreadful array, as evidence of his guilt. ‘Och! Sir,’ cries the dying man, ‘and will a’ the ‘sheeps, and the cows, and ilka thing Donald has helped hersell to, be there?’ ‘Undoubtedly,’ replied the parson. ‘Then let ilka shentleman tak’ her paim again,

‘and Donald will be an honest man!’ cried the Highlander,—and expired.

An Irishman, on board a man of war, was desired by his messmate to go down and fetch a can of small bear: Teague, knowing that preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused. ‘Arrah, my shoul,’ says he, ‘and so when I am gone into the cellar to fetch beer, the ship will sail away and leave me behind.’

YOUNG Squire Booby, just come from his first term at the university, was willing to give his parents a specimen of his improvement there. ‘Father,’ says he, ‘I can chop logic.’ ‘Ay,’ says his father, ‘how is that, Tom?’ ‘Why,’ says Tom, ‘here dye see, father, are a couple of fowls at table, I can prove they are three fowls.’ ‘How’s that?’ quoth the father. ‘Why, there’s one,’ says Tom, ‘and there’s two,’ pointing to one dish, ‘and one and two make three, father.’ ‘Well done,’ says the father, turning to his wife, ‘Tom’s a conjuror; you take one fowl, and I’ll eat the other, and let Tom have the third for his logic.’

KING James I. mounting a horse that was unruly, cried, 'The deel tak my saul, sirrah, 'an ye be na quiet, I'll send ye to the five 'hundred kings in the House o' Commons. 'They'll soon tame ye.'

SUCH is the force of female curiosity, that Lady Wallace, who is never at a loss for an answer, one day affected to be wanting on that point; 'Pray, sir, (said her ladyship 'to a country gentleman), I am often asked 'what age I am; what answer should I 'make?' The gentleman immediately guessing her ladyship's meaning; said, "Madam, "when you are asked that question again, "answer that you are not yet come to years "of discretion."

'WHEREFORE have you painted Lewis XI. as a tyrant?' asked Lewis XIV. at Mezerai.—'Wherefore was he one?' answered the intrepid historian.

A PROVOST of St Andrews, who kept the public house where the presbytery dined, both before and after the Revolution, being asked what was the difference between the

one and the other, answered, there was not much. In the time of episcopacy, the dean used to call boldly for a bottle of wine. Afterwards, the moderator *whispered* the maid to fetch a *magnum bonum*.

ONE day Socrates, having for a long time endured his wife's brawling, went out of his house, and sat down before the door, to rid himself of her impertinence. The woman, enraged to find all her scolding unable to disturb his tranquillity, flung the contents of a chamber-pot on his head. Those that happened to see it, laughed heartily at poor Socrates; but that philosopher told them, smiling, 'I thought, indeed, after so much thunder we should have rain.'

LOUIS XIV. was told that Lord Stair was one of the best bred men in Europe. 'I shall soon put that to the test,' said the King; and, asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door was opened, he bade him pass and go in. The other bowed, and obeyed. The King said, 'The world is in the right in the character

‘it gives. Another person would have
‘troubled me with ceremony.’

ZEUXIS entered into a contest of art with Parrhasius. The former painted grapes so truly, that birds came and pecked at them. The latter delineated a curtain so exactly, that Zeuxis, coming in, said, ‘Take away ‘the curtain that we may see this piece.’ And finding his error, said, ‘Parrhasius, ‘thou hast conquered; I only deceived birds, ‘thou an artist.’

ZEUXIS painted a boy carrying grapes; the birds came again and pecked. Some applauding, Zeuxis flew to the picture in a passion, saying, ‘My boy must be very ill ‘painted.’

ANACHARSIS, the Sythian sage, being asked, ‘In what respect learned men differed ‘from unlearned?’ answered, “As the living from the dead.”

ZENO thus addressed a garrulous youth—
‘Nature gave us two ears, and one mouth;
‘that we might hear much, and talk little.’

CONCLUSION.

WE cannot better conclude this Medley of *seria mixta joci*, than by the following beautiful Allegory, (said to have been written by the celebrated BENJAMIN FRANKLIN)—descriptive of the happiness of beings removed beyond the reach of misery and vice,—whose celestial endowments and ineffable happiness are delineated in colours so glowing,—so irresistibly attractive, as cannot fail to give delight to every mind susceptible of virtuous impressions. The picture is alas, ideal! may it, however, kindle in the youthful breast the generous glow of imitation!

* * * * *

IN a dream I thought myself in a solitary temple. I saw a kind of phantom coming towards me, but as he drew near, his form expanded and became more than human; his robe hung majestically down to his feet; six wings whiter than snow, whose extremities were edged gold, covered a part of his body: then I saw him quit his material substance, which he had put on not to terrify me; his body was of all the colours in the rainbow. He took me by the hair, and I was sensible

I was travelling in the ætherial plains without any dread, with the rapidity of an arrow sent from a bow drawn by a supple and nervous arm.

A thousand glowing orbs rolled beneath me : but I could only cast a rapid glance on all those globes distinguished by the striking colours with which they were diversified.

I now suddenly perceived so beautiful, so flourishing, so fertile a country, that I conceived a strong desire to alight upon it. My wishes were instantly gratified ; I felt myself gently landed on its surface, where I was surrounded by a balmy atmosphere. I found myself reposed at the dawn, on the soft verdant grass. I stretched out my arms, in token of gratitude, to my celestial guide, who pointed to a resplendent sun, towards which swiftly rising, he disappeared in the luminous body.

I rose, and imagined myself to be transported into the garden of Eden. Every thing inspired my soul with soft tranquillity. The most profound peace covered this new globe ; nature was ravishing and incorruptible here, and a delicious freshness expanded my sense to extacy ; a sweet odour ac-

compained the air I breathed ; my heart, which beat with an unusual power, was immersed in a sea of rapture ; while pleasure, like a pure and immortal light, penetrated the inmost recesses of my soul.

The inhabitants of this happy country came to meet me ; and after saluting me they took me by the hand. Their noble countenances inspired confidence and respect ; innocence and happiness were depicted in their looks ; they often lifted their eyes towards Heaven, and as often uttered a name which I afterwards knew to be that of the Eternal, while their cheeks were moistened with the tears of gratitude.

I experienced great emotion while I conversed with these sublime beings. They poured out their hearts with the most sincere tenderness ; and the voice of reason, most majestic, and no less melting, was, at the same time, conveyed to my enraptured ear.

I soon perceived this abode was totally different from that which I had left. A divine impulse made me fly into their arms ; —I bowed my knees to them ; but being raised up in the most endearing manner, I

was pressed to the bosoms that enclosed such excellent hearts, and I conceived a presentiment of celestial amity, of that amity which united their souls, and formed the greatest portion of their felicity.

The Angel of darkness, with all his artifice, was never able to discover the entrance into this world!—Notwithstanding his over-watchful malice, he never found out the means to spread his poison over this happy globe. Anger, envy, and pride, were there unknown; the happiness of one appeared the happiness of all! an extatic transport incessantly elevating their souls at the sight of the magnificent and bountiful Hand that collected over their heads the most astonishing prodigies of the creation.

The lovely morning, with her humid saffron wings, distilled the pearly dew from the shrubs and flowers, and the rays of the rising sun multiplied the most enchanting colours, when I perceived a wood embellished by the opening dawn.

The youth of both sexes there sent forth hymns of adoration towards Heaven, and were filled at the same time with the grandeur and majesty of God, which rolled al-

most visibly over their heads; for in this world of innocence, he vouchsafed to manifest himself by means unknown to our weak understandings.

All things announced his august presence, the serenity of the air, the dyes of the flowers, the brilliancy of the insects, a kind of universal sensibility spread over all beings, and which vivified bodies that seemed the least susceptible of it, every thing bore the appearance of sentiment; and the birds stopped in the midst of their flight, as if attentive to the affecting modulations of their voices.

But no pencil can express the ravishing countenance of the young beauties whose bosoms breathed love. Who can describe that love of which we have not any idea, that love for which we have no name, that love, the lot of pure intelligent beings:—Divine love, which they only can conceive and feel? The tongue of man, incapable, must be silent!—The remembrance of this enchanting place suspends at this moment all the faculties of my soul.

The sun was rising—the pencil falls from my hand.—Oh, Thomson, never did your

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Muse view such a sun !—What a world, and what magnificent order ! I trod, with regret, on the flowery plants, endued, like that which we call sensitive, with a quick and lively feeling ; they bent under my foot, only to rise with more brilliancy : the fruit gently dropped, on the first touch, from the complying branch, and had scarcely gratified the palate when the delicious sensation of its juices were felt glowing in every vein : the eye, more piercing, sparkling with uncommon lustre ; the ear was more lively ; the heart, which expanded itself all over nature, seemed to possess and enjoy its fertile extent : the universal enjoyment did not disturb any individual ; for union multiplied their delights, and they esteemed themselves less happy in their own fruition than in the happiness of others.

This sun did not resemble the comparative paleness and weakness which illuminates our gloomy, terrestrial prison ; yet the eye could bear to gaze on it, and, in a manner, plunge itself in a kind of ecstasy in its mild and pure light : it enlivened at once the sight and the understanding, and even penetrated the soul. The bodies of those fortunate persons be-

came, as it were, transparent ; while each read in his brother's heart the sentiments of affability and tenderness with which himself was affected.

There darted from the leaves of all the shrubs that the planet enlightened, a luminous matter, which resembled, at a distance, all the colours of a rainbow ; its orb, which was never eclipsed, was crowned with sparkling rays that the daring prism of Newton could not divide.—When this planet set, six brilliant moons floated on the atmosphere ; their progression, in different orbits, each night formed a new exhibition. The multitude of stars, which seem to us as if scattered by chance, were here seen in their true point of view, and the order of the universe appeared in all its pomp and splendour.

In this happy country, when a man gave way to sleep, his body, which had none of the properties of terrestrial element, gave no opposition to the soul, but contemplated in a vision, bordering on reality, the lucid religion, the throne of the Eternal, to which it was soon to be elevated. Men awaked from a light slumber without perturbation

or uneasiness ; enjoying futurity by a forcible sentiment of immortality, being intoxicated with the image of an approaching felicity, exceeding that which they already enjoyed.

Grief, the fatal result of the imperfect sensibility of our rude frames ! was unknown to these innocent men ; a light sensation warned them of the objects that could hurt them ; and nature removed them from the danger, as a tender mother would gently draw her child by the hand from a pitfall.

I breathed more freely in this habitation of joy and concord ; my existence became most valuable to me : but, in proportion as the charms which surrounded me were lively, the greater was my sorrow when my ideas returned to the globe I had quitted. All the calamities of the human race united as in one point to overwhelm my heart, and I exclaimed piteously—‘ Alas ! the world I inhabited, formerly resembled yours ; but ‘ peace, innocence, chaste pleasures soon vanished.—Why was I ever born among you ? ‘ What a contrast ! The earth that was my ‘ sorrowful abode is incessantly filled with ‘ tears and sighs : there the smaller number

‘ oppress the greater ; the dæmon of property infects what he touches, and what he covets. Gold is there a god, and they sacrifice on his altar, love, humanity, and the most valuable virtues.

‘ Shudder you that hear me ! The greatest enemy that man has is *man* ; his chiefs are his tyrants ; they make all things bend under the yoke of their pride or their caprice ; the chains of oppression are in a manner extended from pole to pole : a monster who assumes the mask of glory, makes lawful whatever is most horrible, violence, and murder. Since the fatal invention of an inflammable powder, no mortal can say, To-morrow I shall repose in peace ;—to-morrow the arm of despotism will not crush my head ;—to-morrow dreadful sorrow will not grind my bones ;—to-morrow the wailings of an useless despair, proceeding from a distressed heart, will not escape my lips, and tyranny bury me alive as in a stone coffin !

‘ Oh my brethren ! weep, weep over us !
‘ We are not only surrounded with chains and executioners, but are moreover dependent on the seasons, the elements, and the

‘meanest insects. All nature rebels against
‘us; and even if we subdue her, she makes
‘us pay dearly for the benefits our labour
‘forces from her. The bread we eat is earn-
‘ed by our tears and the sweat of our brow;
‘then greedy men come and plunder us, to
‘squander it on their idle favourites.

‘Weep, weep with me my brethren! Ha-
‘tred pursues us; revenge sharpens its poin-
‘ard in the dark; calumny brands us, and
‘even deprives us of the power of making
‘our defence; the object of friendship be-
‘trays our confidence, and forces us to curse
‘this otherwise consolatory sentiment. We
‘must live in the midst of all the strokes of
‘wickedness, error, pride, and folly.’

Whilst my heart gave a free course to my
complaints, I saw a band of shining seraphs
descending from Heaven; on which shouts
of joy were immediately sent forth from the
whole race of these fortunate beings. As I
gazed with astonishment, I was accosted by
an old man, who said, ‘Farewell, my friend!
‘the moment of our death draws near; or
‘rather, that of a new life. The ministers
‘of the God of clemency are come to take
‘us from this earth; we are going to dwell

‘in a world of still greater perfection.’——
‘Why, father,’ said I, ‘are you, then, strangers to the agonies of death, the anguish, the pain, the dread, which accompany us in our last moments?’

‘Yes, my child,’ he replied, ‘these angels of the Highest come at stated periods, and carry us all away, opening to us the road to a new world, of which we have an idea by the undoubted conviction of the unlimited bounty and magnificence of the Creator.’

A cheerful glow was immediately spread over their countenances; their brows already seemed crowned with immortal splendour; they sprang lightly from the earth in my sight; I pressed the sacred hand of each for the last time, while with a smile they held out the other to the seraph, who had spread his wings to carry them to heaven.

They ascended all at once, like a flock of beautiful swans, that taking flight raise themselves with majestic rapidity over the tops of our highest palaces. I gazed with sadness; my eye followed them in the air, until their venerable heads were lost in the silver clouds,

and I remained alone on this magnificent desert land.

I perceived I was not yet fitted to dwell in it, and wished to return to this unfortunate world of expiation: thus the animal escaped from his keeper returns, following the track of his chain, with a mild aspect, and enters his prison. Awakening, the illusion was dispelled, which is beyond the power of my weak tongue or pen to describe in its full splendour: but this illusion I shall for ever cherish; and, supported by the foundation of hope, I will preserve it until death into the inmost recesses of my soul.

THE END.

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